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lacessitus
lacessitus
lacessitus

Robert Kendall.

Kendall

MEMOIRS

AND

SELECT REMAINS

OF

AN ONLY SON.

MEMOIRS

AND

SELECT REMAINS

OF

AN ONLY SON,

WHO DIED NOVEMBER 27th, 1821,

In his Nineteenth Year;

WHILE A STUDENT IN THE UNIVERSITY OF GLASGOW.

BY THOMAS DURANT,

POOLE, DORSET.

Οἷον δὲ τρίφυι ἔργος ἀνὴρ ἰριθηλὶς ἰλαίης
Χώρῳ ἐν οἰοπόλῳ, ὅθ' ἅλις ἀναβέβρυχεν ὕδωρ,
Καλὸν, τηλεθάον, τὸ δέ τε πνοιαὶ δονέουσι
Παντοίων ἀνέμων, καί τε βρύει ἄνθεϊ λευκῷ·
Ἐλθὼν δ' ἐξαπίνης ἄνεμος, σὺν λαίλαπι πολλῇ,
Βόθρυ τ' ἐξέρεψε καὶ ἐξέλασσ' ἐπὶ γαίῃ.

IL. xvii. 53.

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MEMOIRS,

&c.

ON his return to College, in October, 1819, in addition to his attendance at the Humanity and Greek classes, he entered under the venerable and excellent professor of Logic, Jardine; of whose character, taken as a whole, his admiration was unbounded; and to whom he never referred, but in terms of affectionate respect. As he was still so youthful, I had said to him more than once, "My dear, had you not better enter into the *young* side?*

* Most, if not all, of the literary and philosophical classes at Glasgow, are divided into *young* and *old* sides; to each of which, prizes are allotted. This is done, I believe, partly as an encouragement to the younger, who could stand no fair chance in competition with persons many years older than themselves; and, partly, that the professors may address to each division of the class, Lectures or Illustrations suited to their respective capacities. This is the case, at least, in the mathematical department.

You may get the first prize among them; but in the *old* side, where the competition will be with men from two to ten years older than yourself, you would, I imagine, stand no chance." "I'll try, father," was his only reply. He *did* try with success; for he carried away the first prize in the *whole* class.

Letters, written in a hurried manner, with all the confidence of a child, who knew that every line, and almost every word, would afford pleasure to a widowed father and an afflicted aunt, can possess but little interest for others, especially for strangers. Being, however, undisguised effusions of the heart, they may afford an indication of character much more clearly than any other species of composition. Under this impression, some extracts are made from his correspondence during his second session at College. It would be equally unnatural and in vain to look at these for fine writing, elaborate disquisition, or for any thing much beyond the chit-chat of a fire-side: and, indeed, the reader will here find an exact picture of the dear youth in his

ordinary intercourse with the family. His vivacity—ever accompanied by the strictest regard to christian soberness,—and his occasional displays of wit, which gleamed, but never wounded,—kept us always cheerful.

As his letters—generally written during the intervals of College exercises, or domestic engagements; containing whatever suggested itself to his mind at these fragments and moments of time; and often entering into family affairs, or the news of Poole and its neighborhood;—present little continuity of thought;—I am obliged to give only mutilated extracts: but these will sufficiently show the general state of his feelings and the course of his pursuits. They were, as in the former year, written equally to his father and his aunt.

November 15, 1819.

My dear Father and Aunt,

I AM once more writing to you from my own chamber—over my own desk—and, to complete my assurance of the full identity of the place, with the Misses W.

strumming, in the next room, to the no small delight, I presume, of musical ears. My reception here has been peculiarly kind on every hand. Mr. Professor Walker welcomed me in a manner particularly gratifying. I met him on Monday last at the College chapel door. "Oh Mr. Durant!" said he, "I have been longing to see you. You are a Logician, this year, I presume?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, Sir, I can only say, I am sorry to lose you." I don't repeat this out of vanity; but because I think it shows the Professor's kindness; and because I think also *you* will be pleased with it.

This is a grand day of College politics—*the Rector choosing*—the Students' Saturnalia. *I*, as Mr. H's friend, and as the friend of consistency, was active for Mr. Finlay: (which activity has exposed me to be called on for *a shilling*, to defray printing expenses, &c. This, you see, comes of patriotism!) The contest was violent. Francis Jeffrey, Lord A. Hamilton, and Walter Scott, were set up by different parties. The Jeffreys and Hamiltons

had a public meeting in the College, at seven this morning, in order to effect a coalition. Neither party would give up to the other; and so the matter fell to the ground. F. Jeffrey, however, had a majority in one nation; and K. Finlay in the other three. Lord Glasgow, Ex-Rector, was present to-day; and, on resigning office, gave us a very excellent speech, in which he advised us not to carry liberty to licentiousness; and then, through the Principal, promised to propose a prize, the subject for which, together with its own nature, is to be disclosed on some future common-hall day.

Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw are all that is kind and obliging. As for Mr. Jardine—Mr. H. is enamoured with him. I am very much pleased with him: and, although the professor's statements have, on two or three points already, clashed with my own opinions; and although his philosophy and his reasonings, where they are original, have now and then appeared to me a little doubtful, and a little ——; yet, where acknowledged truths are to

be communicated, impressed, or explained, I cannot but admire his manly, plain, unadorned, familiar statements; by which he leads you on, as it were, to the acquisition of truth;—and brings you into the temple of knowledge by such a gradual and easy ascent, that you have entered the edifice before you know you have mounted the long and tiresome flight of steps which you had before seen leading to the vestibule. * * *

I am sorry that Mr. —— does not acknowledge the justice of Mr. B ——, in severely correcting that *Patre fœdo filius fœdior*—that filthy bantling, who has suddenly emerged from a putrefying mass, the scum of Lord Byron's brain; and is now running over the land a moral radical, wishing to throw off every restraint, except the bonds of iniquity; and defiling all he touches, with the gall of his bitterness, and the stains of his infectious corruption. His lordship is indeed a great—almost the greatest—poetical magician. Magicians of old, however, after bartering the ultimate reversion of both soul and body to

the arch-fiend, were content, in the intermediate time, to pay him tythes,—more as an acknowledgment of superiority than any thing else. The present dealer in the black art, not content with so limited a surrender, devotes all he has to the mighty master, whose servant he appears to be, not by profession only, but by perpetual practice, and unceasing diligence. In a word, he gives the devil just the fee simple of himself, and all that belongs to himself.

Dec. 28, 1819.

Your letters are possessed of all the kindness and liberality which your characters ever gave me to expect. With an high share of health, and a perpetual flow of spirits, and every thing, in fact, to be thankful for, I have yet a sort of susceptibility,—distinct, I hope, from morbid sensibility,—which has produced an apparent reserve on the subject of my future profession:—not because I felt the most momentary distrust in your kindness, or the

slightest, the most evanescent shade of suspicion as to your constant disposition to do me good; but because I have ever felt it painful to talk on a subject of immense importance, on every point of which my mind has been wavering and toiling, without ever attaining any ultimate decision, except that I would, in whatever direction my labours might be determined, take care that what industry can gain, shall not remain unattained.

Were the ecclesiastical profession any thing but what it is—were the negation of repugnance all that is required—did I not conceive that a determination once formed on the subject places me irrevocably in a situation of the utmost importance and responsibility,—your wishes would have determined my choice.

As for the law, particularly its higher walks —I have for a long time felt some inclination; but by no means an overwhelming predilection. And although I certainly prefer a learned profession, as most congenial to my habits of thinking and acting; yet I leave the decision

with prudence and with you. The probability of my success in the profession, I am unable to estimate. I suppose my abilities reach the common standard of men in the learned professions. I should, I hope, have plenty of industry, and might, perhaps, get useful, though I should never desire splendid, friends. In the mean time, my indecision will not affect my industry; because I am sure that intellectual habits must be useful to me in every situation. I hope that I shall not, in any situation, lose sight of usefulness and religious duty: there is, I know and feel, great danger of this. I hope, however, that I shall be preserved from the snare. * * *

Dr. Chalmers thinks that the late measures of government "are spreading a canopy of wholesome severity over the moralizing processes that are going on in the nation, and which, if not interrupted, will land us in a pure and better generation!" In a work now publishing, he speaks of "popularity as that which, with all its adjuncts of crowd, and pressure, and animal heat, with its head among

the storms, and its feet in the quicksands, has nothing to compensate its numerous inconveniences, but the Hosannahs of a drivelling generation!" When talking yesterday of sympathetic ink, he spoke of its "starting into visibility!"

January 16, 1820.

Your accounts of snow and cold quite surprise me in these milder climates, where the only inconvenience—if inconvenience it be—arising from the cold, has been, the necessity of acquiring the important habit of walking, running, sliding, or falling on streets—and hilly ones, too—glazed like a looking-glass, from one end to the other, or from top to bottom.

I have, in fact, just broken off a piece of time from exercise-making, to attend to writing you. Exercise-writing here is not that pleasant kind of thing which you may at a distance imagine. It consists, for the most part, of

amplifying on barbarous Latin, in more barbarous English. The questions proposed, in immense strings, are generally simple; and the only ingenuity required, is to keep within the magic circle of technicalities, which contains a jargonized vocabulary for infant-metaphysicians. For your amusement and *instruction*, I transcribe the subject of to-morrow's exercise. "What is meant by a universal idea? What by the comprehension and extension of an idea? and explain the rule. How many universals are there? and define each. In what sense is one of these universals more universal than another? What is the foundation of the distinction between nominalists and realists?"—Such are most of our exercises, at present: and many a mutter does the number of the questions excite, as they roll, in unintermitted flow, *ex imo Jardonii*.

I myself, *candidly*, am not going on in the same smooth, triumphant kind of style, in which I proceeded under Professor Walker. My Socratic to-day was sadly belabored, I hardly know how, by our good old professor.

In fact, I have not yet made my first advance on the good opinion of the class—but my only consolation is, that, no more has any body else. Opportunities of distinction, at this early part of the session, are rare; and 'tis difficult to hit the * * *: still he is a fine old body! * * *

I am pretty intimately acquainted with a descendant, by the female line, from the greatest of the great—you anticipate my meaning—OLIVER CROMWELL—and Oliver's self could not have been a more original being than is his descendant. My aunt will be pleased to hear that we have at College a son of her favourite poet, Graham.

* * * There are some men so preposterously wicked, that, as (in Ivanhoe) Whamba says, "I would laugh but that I find I am weeping."—By the bye, Ivanhoe!—it is, indeed, refreshing to turn from the wrongs of bleeding humanity, from the loathsomeness of * * *, and the filth of Cloacine courts, to the wonderful monuments of that mighty genius—that better, that purer Shakespeare. Why, I

do believe that this novel of his will do more to promote a kindly and sympathising affection towards that unhappy people*, than could well have been excited by a thousand appeals to the public from the Jews' society! Now remark, I look for no immediate effect from the representations of fiction—but such gigantic works of genius must be great moral machines, and possess a tremendously deteriorating, or a considerably ameliorating efficacy. Now, in the present instance, I really conceive that the sort of *feeling* produced towards the Jews, is by no means unimportant, and as a sort of preparatory step—a clearing away of prejudice—and tending to give a just view of the horrible oppression under which they have laboured.——To the spirited rhapsody above, I put an end last night, by a *coup de grace*—just such as may be considered characteristic of your correspondent's genius—in a word—snuffing out the candle, when my wisdom intended to have brightened the flame of that luminary, by means of a prudent and well-timed amputation of its excrescence.

* The Jews.

I must now draw to a close. In consequence of your injunctions, I have not slept in my clothes this winter. The result, however, is just what I predicted; and were I not versant in the whole routine of fines, beyond almost any lad at College, I should come off but poorly in the Greek class. H——, however, gets terribly drubbed, every now and then: for, not having all the cant phrases of the class at the end of his tongue, he does not know when to put in a *respondi*, when a *solvi*, when a *solvo*, when a *sero*, when an *ægrotabam*, when a *rationem reddam*. Nor does he perform these operations with at all the adroitness, or rapidity of movement which are so valuable in us veterans. In consequence of this, the slightest peccadillo, on his part, draws a *bis— quater jam—Sæpius abest—Sæpissime*, &c. from the professor. I am happy to inform you, that our comparatively mild weather has become milder since I began this epistle a day or two ago.

"Solvitur acris hyems grata vice veris et Favoni."

February, 1820.

Your letter contains an unusual list of mortality. This world reminds one more and more of a vast field of battle, where every part of the ranks is exposed to a galling fire. If we move from an old station to a new one, nothing is more striking, when we return to our former position, than the vacancies occasioned in the ranks since our departure. Every day, forces home the truth, that "there is no discharge in that war;" and should induce us all more ardently to desire that "better country," which is adorned with never-fading bloom, and "where glittering robes for conquerors wait." Among those who have conquered through Him who hath loved them, we have every reason to believe that good old Miss T— is now enjoying "the pleasures for evermore:" and it is, indeed, consolatory to reflect on the fact, that when the "earthly tabernacle" of christian friends is destroyed, the brilliance of eternity, and the magnificence of their "Father's mansions," burst at once on the astonished and delighted view of their disembodied spirits.

March, 1820.

On Monday, Dr. Wardlaw was not in to dinner. "Has there been a letter for me, Ma'am?" was my first inquiry. "No," was the sorrowful answer; "nor has the Dr. been to the warehouse to-day; but had there been a letter, they would, I think, have sent it up."—Should I now go to the warehouse? It was after dinner; and after dinner is, with us, pretty late in the evening. I had a slight sore throat—I was excessively tired with walking and talking in the fore part of the day;—and I therefore determined to await the Dr.'s return, and the possibility of his having a letter. This determination did tolerably well, while I remained with the family; but when I retired to my own apartment, and thought of my aunt's head ache when you had last written, I gradually mounted into all the mighty sublimity of a true Durantine fume and fuss. You know, when at home, in the same elevation, I gratify the household, by slamming the door of my study—lying on the sofa—twirling the chairs in the parlour—and

launching forth occasional tirades against every thing which, as I conceive, may have contributed to my vexation.

Here, however, politeness, of course, stops such outlets for my uneasiness. I therefore spread the blackened, blotted sheet of paper before me—took my pen—and determined to go on in proving (such is our present exercise) that, "*Virtus est sola nobilitas.*" I thought, however, it would be much more noble just then to get my letter, and so I could not write three sentences. "So said I to myself"—*I'll lay down my pen and think.* Lay down my pen I did; but I had marvellously tired myself in the morning; and my meditations gradually became those of the great B——. Messenger after messenger at length came from the tea-table, but my ears remained unaffected, till J. W. burst into my room, calling out, "Tea's ready, tea's ready!" I rose, and made my *entree,* amid "peals of laughter loud and long," rubbing my eyes; but wholly unconscious of having slept for an hour, and denying a fact of which I really

could not be convinced, till I compared the time when my meditation commenced, with that at which my reverie was interrupted. *Quum tandem vix factum silentium est,*— I, more fully awakened, asked for letters, found Dr. Wardlaw had one for me!—Opened it!—saw both hands—read assurances of peace and safety!—and sat down to tea with more than usual satisfaction; and I hope, with unfeigned gratitude to Him, from whom "cometh every good and perfect gift."

You think, I presume, that I have become abominably egotistic. I think so—but shall be happy for once to find that your opinion does not coincide with my own. The fact is—(for, like the rest of my species, I no sooner plead guilty, than I offer reasons for a mitigation of punishment)—that I really have nothing to talk about more important than myself. Besides, I really am my own centre of attraction. And, indeed, I believe I always have the same centre; but, at home, among my friends, strong and warm affections, called into exercise by every object around

me, serve as a sort of centrifugal force. Here, however, I find that the centripetal gets a most lamentable ascendancy; or, in plain words, I become a complete egotist.

H—— wishes me to accompany him to France next summer. To his solicitations I have returned a decided negative. His invitation is kind, but it has, from its urgency, become almost troublesome. Had he a nicer tact in discerning character, he would, I conceive, know enough of me to be aware that I should not have concealed my dispositions, if they had been favourable to his proposal; and that I should not hitherto have remained unwavering, if my decision had been susceptible of change. I should not have said this, but that he intends to write to *you* on the subject. What he expects from this, it is beyond my power to divine. If he fancies, that I am only waiting for your permission to accept his invitation, I am sure he is vastly mistaken in *me;* and if he anticipates your ordering me off, without any regard to my own inclinations, I presume to hope that he is equally mistaken

in you! The journey I should esteem little short of absolute criminality. My vacation-time *is* most precious,—and *should*, and I hope *will*, be preserved most inviolate. The terms of thanks, in which politeness, and a sense of real kindness have induced me to decline our friend's proposal, have probably led him to suspect me of indecision. If it be so, I do not know myself; or this is another grievous mistake in the estimate he must have formed of my character.

Well, I pursue the tenor of my tale—that is to say, I trust to my pen, just as the knights-errant used, of yore, to trust their horses. When they came to a cross-road, about which they knew nothing, they laid the reins on the beast's mane, and pursued the road into which he might take it into his sapient head to trot. The masters who did thus, even had they been placed on asses, would probably have acted correctly in giving themselves up to the guidance of a superior species, although belonging to the same genus with themselves. Now I say, that I am treating the pen, my present

Bucephalus, in the same manner; and not directing, but directed by the first scratches it is pleased to make. * * *

I look forward to my return, with feelings of warm anticipation. I wished for home last session; but not, I think, with the same ardency as now. I expect the highest pleasure from the first view of Old England. I hope, indeed, that I am aware how completely every prospective enjoyment is in the hand of a superior power, who can blast, if he please,—and, if he please, can make its charms burst forth in unclouded and unlooked-for brilliancy: still there is nothing sinful in cherishing feelings, which, if not absolutely virtuous, have, in my estimation, a sort of alliance with virtue—a sort of league, offensive and defensive, with good principle;—for, whenever there is no love at home, there must be either a marvellous natural defect, or some superinduced vitiation of feeling.

April, 1820.

I AM either committing, or expiating a very foolish action — either vexing you or preventing vexation—either stamping myself for a blockhead, or inducing you to believe that through the mists of my ignorance, or rather of my insanity, a gleam of memory has contrived to struggle. I have put a letter into the post-office, which tells all I wished to communicate,—that is to say, nothing at all, except—that I am or was enjoying myself in all the luxury of radical excitation. This letter I strongly suspect myself of having never directed!—Now, on another occasion, I should feel comparatively calm on the subject; but as you'll hear *awfu' like* stories about the radicals, I think it but right to inform you of my safety at all events. I am more willing to write again, even should both letters arrive on the same day, because I can now inform you, that radicality is completely at an end,—their arms broken by themselves,—and all hopes given up (for ever, I believe) of making any impression. After all this noise about them, their force proves to be unspeak-

ably ridiculous. The only action has been at Kilsythe, where nineteen have been taken, and a few killed and wounded. A friend of mine and myself, walking in the country to-day, found a pike in a drain, drew it out, and I have the trophy now lying in my room.

The militario-antiradicalism, with which the poor gentlemen of Glasgow are infected, has entered the peaceful haunts of learning; and every here and there one sees a student whose green trowsers proclaim him a *sharp-shooter*, stalking in all the pomp, his newly-acquired stays and discipline together can confer. Nay, one gentleman, much to the molestation of plain people, is frequently pleased to attend the classes, not only booted and spurred, but in the full splendor of a yeomanry uniform, worn under—a college gown!

What a horrid massacre at Cadiz! Devilish, had it not been feeble!—Contemptible, had it not been devilish!

As to the day of my return, I can give you

no sort of direct information. Depend upon this, however, I shall return as soon *as I can.* Although the whiggifying influence of our college society has made me the double-distilled quintessence of whiggery, yet I forget all the faults of ministry, all the blackguardism of ——'s; and (I blush to say it) almost all the sufferings of a misgoverned and frantic population; when I see the smiling fields and fine green hedge-rows of poor old England. But more than all, are the pleasures with which the scenery of my country is associated—the expansion of heart which every related or friendly form produces—the smile of heartfelt affection—and the increasingly warm glow of unintermitted attachment! May He, who rules all things,

> "Who rides upon the stormy winds,
> "And manages the sea,"

grant me renewed enjoyment of these blessings, and, with them, gratitude to the all-bountiful, all-perfect giver of every good gift.

May 1, 1820.

I AM just now returned from the Hall, which kept me till about one o'clock. As for my success, you will learn, from the Glasgow paper, that I stand again at the head of my class—that my vacation essay on the Tribunicial, &c. has been successful—and that, in a word, my hopes have been realized, and my expectations surpassed. To affect total indifference to these things, would argue a miserable mixture of stupid arrogance, and base dissimulation: but most truly can I say, that my chief pleasure arises, not from any temporary applause which I may gain; but from the hope that these marks of academical approbation will convince you, that trouble and expense have not been entirely thrown away on me; that I do not shrink from the efforts necessary to gain knowledge; and that I am not last in the ranks of vigorous, and, I hope, virtuous, competition.

I assure you, I now long to be in London. All that intervenes I wish out of the way; and although I have spent on the whole a

pleasant winter, with every mark of affectionate attention from Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw, with not a few agreeable College companions, and with a fair share of general success; yet I must needs acknowledge, that absence has not diminished my longing after the south, and my love of those whom I hope to meet there.

Though I hope soon to say all that I have to say, *viva voce;* yet as room remains in the letter, I believe it will not be uninteresting to you, nor unpleasant to me, to fill up that blank, though it be with nothing better than reflections and sentiments. Yet reflections and sentiments do not "come when I do call them." A plain matter-of-fact that these visionary existences are not governed by my rod of ——. I intend to bring you home a bundle of exercises. If any should strike your fancy, you may keep them: as for the rest—the majority —"*Sive flamma, sive mari licet Adriano;*"— that is to say, you may throw them over the Quay, or give them to the servants to light candles with.

During this session, he wrote several essays, prescribed by the professor, and some voluntaries, in prose and verse. I have now before me three pieces composed at that time. One is of considerable size, on the trite subject, prescribed by Mr. Jardine, "VIRTUS EST SOLA ET UNICA NOBILITAS;" another is very large, entitled, "LOGIC THEME," from which I shall extract a part of the conclusion; and the third, is a "DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY," in verse, which, with its introduction, and conclusion, is given entire.

LOGIC THEME.

In the beginning of this essay, he says, "On first sitting down to consider a subject, there are innumerable questions which seem to require an answer. When, however, the mind is sufficiently composed to view these with calmness, and to consider them with accuracy, we find that there are among them some which require an immediate reply; and

others, of which the consideration must be postponed, till certain previous matter has been fairly and fully discussed. There is no enquiry which ought, under such circumstances, to precede that which concerns the meaning of the word or phrase offered for our consideration." * * *

He proceeds, after this, to a definition of the term Logic—to a statement of the precise objects of the science—to a consideration of the mental powers—and to an analysis of the entire system of Logic, as it stood before Lord Bacon's *Novum Organum*, or as it has stood even since in works of established reputation.

The following extract is presented, not because it contains any thing particularly original in thought, or beautiful in composition; but for the purpose of preserving the series of his academical writings.

Such is an imperfect—a very imperfect—outline of a system which once ruled the whole

literary world with an iron sceptre—of a system which deserved to be revered, but which was, unfortunately, idolized;—which merited influence, and authority, but which possessed so despotic a power over mankind, that the progress of knowledge was interrupted; the exertions of intellect drawn away from their proper objects; and the bold flights of imagination restrained by the influence of that magic circle, which had been drawn by false philosophy, and inveterate prejudices.

After having thus given an outline of the ancient logic, it remains that we attend to its *history*, and trace it from its origin in the scattered precepts of a comparatively unphilosophical age, through all the intermediate stages of its progress, down to its present state of decayed grandeur, of neglected and mouldering magnificence.

The history of logic may be, accordingly, considered under three divisions:—I. Logic, before the time of Aristotle;—II. Logic, from the time of Aristotle, till the revival of litera-

ture;—III. Logic, from the revival of literature, till the present hour. To these divisions I hope strictly to adhere, although I do not intend formally to mark them.

Men reason before rules of reasoning are promulgated; and use the syllogism before they are acquainted with its name. The wise, however, have always been disposed to form rules for men of inferior abilities, and the world at large has been sensible of the advantages which arise from listening to the directions of those, whom their natural talents and their acquired endowments have raised above the ordinary level. No sooner does any operation become of importance, than rules are collected for the guidance of those who perform it: the village matron, even, has her prudential maxims for the conduct of life, or the management of her household—the farmer has his proverbs about the weather, the soil, and the productions of the earth—and we might be sure that, when philosophical truth became an object of some importance, inquirers would not be long without precepts

to guide them in the way which leads to the attainment of that object.

The facts of history agree with the expectations we had formed; and we find, that when man began to investigate and to reason, rules to direct him in these processes began also to make their appearance.

About the fortieth Olympiad, seven eminently wise men arose in Greece. The simultaneous appearance of these great men is partly attributable to the state of the age and to the honors, and rewards, which now began to attend literary merit; while, on the other hand, the age was rendered illustrious, the progress of improvement facilitated, and general intellectual cultivation carried forward with greater ardor and success, in consequence of the knowledge obtained by these distinguished persons, and by them communicated to others.

Rules of logic were now beginning to be promulgated. There was no art, no regular

system; but there were a number of unarranged precepts, invented, or rather discovered, by different men, in different places, at different times, and while pursuing different trains of inquiry. These rules, however, as was natural in the infant state of the science, referred to the first part of logic, and were constructed with the sole purpose of enabling men to form clear, and distinct ideas, by means of definition, division, classification, &c. In process of time, however, an art of debate was invented by Zeno. This was called the dialectic art, because the discussion was kept up by means of a dialogue. Zeno seems to have imagined that disputation had victory, rather than truth, for its object. It appears, however, not improbable, that this philosopher has been charged with sins which are rather imputable to those who seized the weapons he had fabricated; and made such use of them as the first inventor would never have sanctioned with his approbations. However this may have been, the lamentable effect is certain. What should have been an art of reasoning, degenerated inso a system of ma-

nœuvres, with victory alone for their object; while TRUTH was concealed by the quibbles of innumerable sophists, whose real, and, not unfrequently, whose professed, design it was to obscure her radiance.

At length, Socrates arose—he saw the bad moral, as well as the miserable intellectual, effects of the plan which the sophists were pursuing—and, adding to the force of truth, the power of his own mighty genius—he effectually opposed, with their own weapons, those who, indifferent to the nature of their cause, reasoned only that they might gain a little *eclat*, or a little profit. The dialectic art, in the hands of Socrates, was no longer a vain instrument of frivolous disputation. He made use of it to elucidate points of morality—to discover truth—to refute falsehood—to convince obstinacy—to humble pride—to detect sophistry—to trace the path of duty, and to expose the deviations of error. But this great philosopher fell a sacrifice to his noble exertions—and of him may it, with peculiar emphasis, be said, that he died on the field of

glory. Those who disliked his political connexions, and those who dreaded the effects of his philosophical opinions, alleged against him, as if it had been a crime, the purity of his religious sentiments. Those who could no longer argue, were able to condemn; and those who could not refute the reasoning advanced, were now contented.—For they could poison the reasoner.

We have already observed, that the rules of logic hitherto established referred only to the means of acquiring clear and distinct notions. Aristotle, however, at length applied himself to the task, and introduced the SYLLOGISM, with all that complicated system of rules, on which it depends. Struck with admiration at the certainty of mathematical conclusions, he attempted to introduce equal certainly into every kind of reasoning. His system has been noticed in a former part of this exercise: I shall, therefore, say nothing about it *here*; but merely attend to a few circumstances connected with the publication, or rather with the preservation of the Aristotelian MSS.

The Aristotelian MSS. transmitted by Theophrastus (into whose hands they fell immediately after the death of the illustrious author) to his heir Nileus, were placed in a cellar at Sæpsis, to conceal them from the king of Pergamus, who was then collecting a library. In this cellar, they remained for more than a hundred years. At length, these precious MSS. fell into the hands of a peripatetic, and were conveyed to Athens, where the injuries done them by the damps of their temporary tomb, were remedied, or, perhaps, aggravated, by attempts at emendation and restoration. When Athens was taken by the dictator, Sylla, the Aristotelian MSS. were carried to Rome. No attention was paid to Aristotle's analytics by the Greek philosophers.—The public mind had been pre-occupied by the sublime and imaginative doctrines of Plato; so that Aristotle's works were kept, comparatively, out of view.

These works were unknown for so long a period after the death of their author, that all feelings of personal attachment must have been swept away when his work at length ap-

peared. After these works had been removed to Rome, the same indifference continued for some time to prevail. At length, however, great and increasing attention was paid to the works of Aristotle;—but a deluge of barbarous invaders swept from the whole Roman empire all that was beautiful in art—noble in science—or brilliant among the productions of imagination.

The ages of darkness followed. And to the harmony of social order, the peace of civilized life, the protection of wholesome laws, and the consequent encouragement of the calm pursuits of literature—succeeded—the jar of feudal dissension, the wars of semi-barbarous tribes, the evils of unbounded licence and unrestrained rapacity, and the consequent destruction of literature, the extinction of science, and the banishment of philosophy.

From about the sixth, to the eleventh century, knowledge seemed extinguished. The little learning which then existed, was confined to the great ecclesiastical establishments of the

day: the works of classical antiquity were forgotten or corrupted; and the remains of ancient learning, neglected or despised.

We are not, however, to suppose that even the dark ages were destitute of men who devoted their time to study, and followed the pursuits of learning: the scholastic philosophy grew up amid the darkness of the age: this system derived its name from the circumstance that it was taught in the public schools then annexed to cathedral and monastic establishments. The respect naturally paid to Aristotle's philosophy—proceeding from a land where the human mind had reached the highest pitch of cultivation, and the universality of his genius, which rendered his works a library of themselves, recommended his productions to general attention. The scholastic philosophers had habituated themselves to dispute on subjects at once abstruse and trifling. They, therefore, caught, with avidity, at Aristotle's analytics—a system which, by the niceness of its distinctions, and the multiplicity of its rules, may sometimes conceal frivolity,

under the mask of profound learning; and hide absurdity, under the appearance of consummate wisdom.

The analytics, therefore, were separated from the other works of the distinguished author: and instruction in them formed the principal branch of a learned education. No inconsiderable portion of this success is, perhaps, attributable to the conquests achieved by the Saracens in Europe: the conquest of Egypt had put them in possession of the works of Aristotle, and these works they had deeply studied—so that, with their arms, they introduced their arts—and, among the rest, logic, or the art of thinking, into this part of the world. But other causes concurred to raise to its highest pitch the literary madness. About the beginning of the sixteenth century, events which took place in the east, threw a new flood of intellectual light over the European continent. About the same time, a better and purer light rose upon that part of the world which was involved in the darkness of popery. The church of Rome, thus as-

sailed, needed defenders; and as some of her adversaries were protected from the torture and the stake, which she inflicted on those within her reach; it became necessary to provide some other antidote, to stop the circulating poison of heretical doctrine. The friends of the church seized the weapons of logical controversy, in which early education had rendered them generally expert. Luther, Calvin, and the other reformers, saw that the intricacy of logic stood in the way of their usual plain statements, and simple but cogent argument; and they consequently indulged in frequent invectives against a system, which they considered the opponent of truth.

But the church was determined not to desert the logicians—its tried friends and faithful auxiliaries. Academical honors were, therefore, conferred on the successful disputant; and the highest place assigned him in the estimation of literary men. But empty honors were not the only rewards set before the aspiring logician. Every reward, from the simple benefice to the mitre, and from the mitre

to the triple crown, had been attained; and, therefore, was attainable by skill in the art of logic. The interests of some men, the passions of others, and the prejudices of almost all, tended to support the reigning delusion. But it was from Lord Bacon that the ancient system received its death-wound. On taking a retrospective view of science and philosophy, he was grieved to observe that, although much genius and ingenuity had been displayed in the frivolous disputes of the schools, yet that no solid object had ever been attained—no useful end answered—no wise purpose effected—no brilliant discovery made. Not satisfied, however, with an opinion formed on a hasty survey, he traced the history of all the arts and sciences; marked their present state of advance; and ascertained the point at which their progress had terminated. He found that this extensive process strengthened him in his previously-received opinion; and he perceived that the stunted appearance of knowledge at that period, was in a great measure owing to the exclusive attention paid to the syllogism.

Lord Bacon now boldly asserted that the ancient logic was not fitted for the discovery of truth. Not content, however, with destroying the old edifice, he determined to erect a new and nobler structure. He perceived that the conclusion of the syllogism was contained in the premises; and, as a consequence, that no new truth could be discovered by the ancient method of reasoning. After these preparatory steps, he presented to the consideration of mankind his new instrument of investigation. He did not assume the merit of invention or originality—he professed, that his sole aim was to bring mankind back to the natural method of conducting their enquiries. This great philosopher saw that the followers of Aristotle, in attempting to use the syllogism as an instrument of discovery, were inverting the order of things.

Lord Bacon's system,* then, is founded on

* In an Essay, written the next year while in the Ethic class, which shows a considerable improvement in composition, entitled, "CAUSES OF ERROR; as enumerated in Lord Bacon's Aphorisms, 78 and 93 inclusive,—*Novum Organum, Lib. pri.*' William says, "When he observed *that* servile admiration for

the principle, that we must proceed from particulars up to generals; so that when we ob-

antiquity by which past ages had been characterised—the satisfaction with which men in general were likely to regard a progress, which, however inferior to what might have been effected, was yet sufficient to surprise the superficial—the arts of those who had been initiated in the mysterious learning of the period—the deadening influence of superstition—the constitutions of old and prejudiced corporations, who, although endowed for the purpose of promoting the interests of knowledge, set themselves against every thing that did not tally with their pre-conceived, and, what one may term, hereditary notions—and, above all, that despair, the offspring of indolence, and the nursling of pride, by which all that a few favourite masters had left enveloped in obscurity, was at once pronounced inscrutable—he could easily account for the fact which attracted his attention, and excited his curiosity.

Such was the state of things when Lord Bacon wrote; and those very writings, the origin of which may be traced to this survey, accelerated the event their great author had foreseen.

Happily, the light of a better day has dawned upon *us*. The old system of dialectics no longer retains its magical influence over the minds of men. Discoveries, which have evinced the superiority of the moderns, have destroyed that blind veneration for antiquity, which obstructed the progress of science. Superstition, inveterate prejudice, and a bigotted attachment to intolerant creeds, are confined to a few old richly-endowed incorporations, within which they can ferment, and fester, and rankle, without infecting, with a kindred gangrene, the body of the political and literary community."

serve, in many individual substances, properties and powers common to all of them; we ascribe the properties and powers to the whole class, of which the individuals observed form parts. It is, indeed, by no means easy to determine the point at which our experiments should cease, and when we may safely sit down, contented with the extent of our induction. This must, however, be left to the perseverance and good sense of the individual.

At length, the eyes of mankind began to be opened; and after the fever of admiration had a little subsided, some bold individuals stepped forward, and ventured to attack the system. Ramus, a philosopher of France, expiated his temerity with his blood: the strong arm of secular power was, in that country, repeatedly called in, to crush the good sense of mankind; and the Aristotelian system might still longer have defended itself behind the barrier thus erected, had it not been assailed by the keen and polished shafts of elegant ridicule.

The chains which had so long bound the

human mind, seemed, on the promulgation of Lord Bacon's system, to drop off; while philosophy, both natural, and mental, began to advance with a rapidity before unknown. But the old system still kept its footing among ancient literary incorporations. Some real advantages, and a thousand venerable associations, gave it immense influence in these ancient seats of learning, and it continues, even now, to form a part of academical education.

I should now conclude with pointing out the relations which logic bears to other branches of knowledge: but the enumeration would include the whole circle of sciences: for what operation of intellect is there in which either clear notions, or methodical arrangement, or sound reasoning are not desirable?

In offering the following poem to the public, it is scarcely necessary to say, that the introduction and conclusion, in the form of a letter, are, with the exception of the first declaration, merely a jest; and, as such, they neither deceived, nor were intended to deceive, any one.

DESCRIPTIVE ESSAY.

I, William Friend Durant, do hereby solemnly declare that the following exercise has been composed by myself, without any aid or assistance whatever.

Nevertheless, I deem it incumbent on me fully and fairly, to make the following confession:—When a descriptive essay was given out, I, in common with my fellow-students, felt the difficulty of executing the task enjoined; when chance threw in my way the means of performing it with ease, if not with success.

I had purchased two or three books, and did not well know where to place them. I, therefore, determined to institute an inquiry into the capacity or contents of a corner cupboard, which I imagined had hitherto remained unoccupied. Here, among a great many articles, which it is not necessary to enumerate, I found a number of loose papers, which I dragged forth; and, as I have a predilection for what is antique, determined to examine at leisure, provided the proposal met with no opposition from my good landlady. Her consent I had soon an opportunity of obtaining;—for this important personage soon after entered my apartment, with the ostensible purpose of making certain domestic arrangements; but with the real intention of inducing me to hear some wonderful stories of her own about the seizure of pikes by the Dumbartonshire yeomanry.

After I had submitted to the old lady's loquacity, my own curiosity remained to be satisfied. I, therefore, questioned her about the papers. She believed, she said, they be-

longed to a former lodger, a student of divinity, a strange young man, contemplative, reserved, and melancholy: nay, she intimated her belief, that all was not right with his mind, although (to do the poor lad justice) her opinion seemed to be founded on very insufficient grounds; as the only proofs of her allegation were,—that, when quite alone, he would frequently read aloud for hours together*—and that he left the house in an abrupt and unexpected manner, without assigning the reason of his sudden departure.

Having been left alone with the MSS. I turned them over, and found, to my equal delight and astonishment, that it would be possible, nay easy, to patch up a *descriptive* out of the materials before me; since the papers in question are filled with rhyming lines, to which I, their discoverer; and, therefore, I maintain, their legal guardian,—nay, their

* This was a method to which he had, for some years, accustomed himself; and especially with his own productions. He judged better, he thought, by submitting his compositions to the ear, than by simply presenting them to the eye.

second parent,—do give the name of POETRY; whereas, some of my insolent companions, daring to question my paternal right of calling this production what I please, aver that the verse or poetry is to be denominated DOGGREL.

I had determined to say nothing about this discovery, when the required declaration excited my conscience to a degree of activity, very inconvenient, and somewhat unusual; so that I am induced to make this full and free confession of guilt; hoping, however, that the manual labor which I have undergone as copyist, will atone for the mental inaction which renders me criminal as a student.

THE DREAM,

Or, HUMAN MISERY,

A FRAGMENT.

I know not how it was—if on my breast
A more than wonted load of sorrow prest;
Or if such thoughts as sometimes force their way,
Tho' all around be happy, bright and gay;
If such had dwelt within my soul, until
My heart retained the sad impression still.
When sleep had snapt the soberer chain of thought
And wearied nature found the rest she sought;
I dream'd of horrors—for in dreams the mind
Stretches her mighty pinions unconfin'd;
Smiles at her new-found freedom:—from on high
Draws the first breath of immortality;
Just opes the curtain of the other world,
Eternity's broad map sees half unfurl'd,
Expatiates boldly in her wide domain,
And sways the sceptre of her mighty reign.

I thought I ranged Creation unconfin'd,
Rock'd on the storm, or borne upon the wind;
As if some viewless influence urg'd my flight,
Dispers'd the shades, and made ev'n darkness light;

And where the sunshine gleam'd, or frown'd the
Bade human wo, in every Proteus-form [storm,
Of grief, and pain, remorse, and shame, and fear,
With every shape of agony, appear.

Stript of its veil, the human heart was shown
Depriv'd of every coloring not its own:
While grief, regret, and care, without control,
Reign'd undisputed sov'reigns of the soul.

I know not if it shall be thus, when death
Asserts his empire o'er our fleeting breath;
If, unrestrained, the ever-living soul
Shall pierce the centre, or shall reach the pole;
Or view the shifting scenes, the varying strife,
In all the winding, wildering paths of life;
And mark each wandering, in a different way,
T'ward the last narrow dwelling-house of clay—
How this may be, we know not: but the mind
Sometimes "leaves dull mortality behind,"
Forgets the interests of the passing hour,
And gives some presage of her future power.

I thought I heard the ocean's dreadful roar,
Its billows swung against the rocky shore;
While o'er the darken'd heavens the light'ning flies,
Now sinks—now covers the resplendent skies—

Ah! while the tempest thunders all around,
What shriek of horror mingles with the sound!
—A ship has struck!—I hear a second call,—
The cry of many, and the dirge of all.
And then 'twas silent quite—except alone
Some mighty swimmer's solitary groan;
Or faintly borne upon the fitful blast,
The cries of those who clung about the mast.

Yet one there was, who, in the dashing sea,
Still flung the mighty waves back gallantly:
His was a life of sin; and, from their lair,
Conscience had rous'd the hell-hounds of despair;
And now, at last, in this the trying time,
He lost the settled hardihood of crime;
And would have pray'd for mercy;—but the word
He must not speak—that pray'r could ne'er be heard:
For in his ears the cries of orphans rung,
And many a curse from many a widow's tongue—
He sunk—he rose—he grasp'd a rock,—and then,
Borne by the refluent surge, he sunk again,—
Again he rose, and strain'd to reach the shore,
He pants—he gasps—he sinks——and all is o'er.

Just when the last expiring spark was dying,
Just when the latest flame of life was flying,
Just when the vulture, scar'd no more away,
In airy circles flew, to mark his prey;
At death's cold touch, when all was still'd for ever,
And ev'n the quivering lip had ceased to quiver—
Just then I saw a lady, who had trod,
With fearless steps, along the bloody sod;
Her had one hope, one fear, one thought possess'd,
And quell'd each shuddering tremor of the breast.

But hope and fear alike were over now,
The moon-beam stream'd upon that pallid brow.
'Twas all she sought—and if her *all* were found
Stretch'd cold and lifeless on the gory ground,
The battle-plain must be their bridal bed,
Death their grim priest—their marriage-train, the dead!
Forward she sprung: Oh! life might yet remain;
Sure 'twould return, and meet her once again;
'Twould light his eye, before it quite departed,
And left her hopeless, helpless, broken-hearted!
Then she could lay her on his marble breast,
Her last cold pillow of eternal rest!

She pressed his cheek in frantic agony—
No whisper stole, no soft responsive sigh—

And the late hope, whose momentary light
Shone like a star amid the shades of night,
Now sunk in darkness ;—and its fleeting gleam,—
The bright illusion of a troubled dream ;
Or like the flashing, varying lights that fly,
In stormy weather, o'er the northern sky,—
Was gone. In summer's bright meridian blaze,
We scarcely heed the sun's unclouded rays ;
But watch, when winter's scowls the sky deform,
To catch a gleam of light athwart the storm :
So hope's last radiance, as it dies away,
Seems dearer, ev'n than pleasure's brightest ray :
But if it set for ever, sadly roll
Deep, dark, unvarying sorrows o'er the soul ;
Like the wide shoreless waste of waters hurl'd,
By heaven's excited vengeance, on the world.*

Her heart was wasted, and the tie that bound
Her sympathies to all the world around,
Was snapt—I thought her brightly-glancing eye
In pensive rapture wander'd t'ward the sky :
But her's was not the ideot's souless stare,
That strangely fixes, and he knows not where :
Her's was a glance that spoke of thoughts on high ;
Her mind had learned to people vacancy ;

* Gen. vii. 18, 19.

And then so sweetly, wildly soft she sung,
I could have thought the notes of angels rung—
But that I heard some plaintive sounds, to show
The strain was human—for it spake of wo!

SONG.

1.

In vain they spread this couch for thee,
And threw this bloody mantle o'er,
For here the choicest flowers shall be,
And tears shall wash away the gore;
And thou wilt smile to see me spread
The blooming chaplet on thy head.

2.

Oh! did I see thy heavenly smile?
And wilt thou leave me here below,
To wait and weep, and sigh, the while,
And wander through the vale of wo;
Nor stoop, and help thy love to rise
With thee to yonder brilliant skies!

3.

If o'er the world spread light or gloom,
The world to me is cold and drear—
This little sacred spot,—thy tomb—
The only ground to me that's dear:
Here will I bid the wild flower wave,
And roses blush above thy grave.

4.

Then take me from this earth away,
And we will come on wings of light,
Spread the soft flowret o'er thy clay,
And gem it with the dew of night;
Then leave this worthless world, and go
Where mourner's tear shall never flow.

5.

But if with thee I may not fly,
Oh! hover still around thy love,
Whisper in zephyr's gentle sigh,
And tell me we shall meet above!
And when some days of grief are fled,
I'll lay with thine my weary head.

6.

Then let me stop the tears that start,
And be the rising sigh suppress;
And if I feel a bleeding heart,
The burden of this throbbing breast—
Pour o'er my soul a heavenly balm,
Her griefs assuage, her troubles calm!

THERE WAS A CHANGE. I saw a curtained room;
A light stole in, that scarcely chased the gloom.
With looks of anxious care, around the bed,
Attendants stood—to prop the sick man's head,
To soothe his pangs, or transient ease impart,
By all the softest antidotes of art.
And those who loved him most, and therefore caught
At every change disease's progress wrought,
Stood trembling round his bed, yet hoping still,
At every new vicissitude of ill,
Hoping, it might betoken that, at last,
The deadly crisis of disease was past.
And now that hope was higher, and a smile
Shone thro' the tears, that trickled all the while—
Tears—but not such as sorrowers learn to shed,
When joy hath vanished, and even hope is dead—
These spoke that softer tumult of the soul,
When joy and fear assert a mixed control.
He sweetly slept—and nature's potent balm
Might the tumultuous force of torture calm;
And slumber's streams oblivious coolly flow,
Till burning fever ceased, at length, to glow.

And those who loved him watched his bed; for there
In silence sat the partner of his care:

She only did not weep : for hourly fears,
Long days of sorrow, and long nights of tears
Had trained her to companionship with wo,
Or dried the fountain whence the tear should flow.
Yet the expression of her faded eye,
Was humble, quiet, patient constancy.
Each chastening stroke, acutely, formed to feel;
Severely suffer, yet submissive kneel;
She fixed on that emaciated form
A look intent, solicitous, and warm;
And speaking all the fulness of a heart
That feared they must, yet felt they could not, part;
Still o'er her features, trembling hope could throw
A transient gleam, an evanescent glow,
Hope, which amid the darker scenes of grief,
Suggested comfort and supplied relief.

No more with fever throbbed his burning brain;
And placid sleep proclaimed a truce with pain;
Judgment would not th' illusive charm destroy;
Love's brilliant coloring made it look like joy;
Grief almost smiled to see the doubtful ray,
And hope's fair magic brightened it to day.

Over the sick man's couch his daughter hangs,
To mark his sufferings and relieve his pangs;
Catch, vainly catch, at every dubious ray
That came, and then for ever passed away.

Each transient gleam, that gave a short relief,
Ease to her woes, and solace to her grief,
To lean on hope, till hope itself decayed,
And left the heart forsaken and betrayed.
Now from the sick man pain was gone: his eye
Was closed in gentle slumber peacefully;
Such silence all around, that you might hear
Almost the falling of the gushing tear:
And then so deep, so gentle his repose,
So sweet the soothing quiet of his woes,
That sorrow lighted up her cheerless eye,
And half repressed her long accustomed sigh.

There was a shudder—then a deep drawn breath—
Then still—still—silent all——Can this be death?
Oh! if the feeble hand of youth might dare
To trace the deeper workings of despair,
Then would I tell the widow's mute dismay,
When from the body forc'd at length away;
Describe the orphan's sobs—the answers given
To those who, pointing to the will of heav'n,
Of calmness talk, or words of comfort pour,
While the heart bleeding does but bleed the more—
Mark the vain efforts to impart relief,
And paint each dread concomitant of grief.

THERE WAS A CHANGE.—I saw a narrow cell,
The moonlight pale through dismal gratings fell,
And yet enough had struggled in to show
The dark interior of this house of wo:
The stony walls were bare, save where was spread
The busy insect's finely-woven thread;
While from the damp low roof, with plashing sound,
The constant droppings fall upon the ground.

No other noise was heard, except alone
The wind deep sighing, or the prisoner's moan,
Or the chain clanking, while the drear night blast
Shook the cold limbs that shiver'd as it passed.

On the cold ground the prisoner lay—to-morrow
Would see the ending of his earthly sorrow.
To die, indeed, he thought a little thing,
When from the clay the struggling soul takes wing,
To fly she knows not whither, or to bear
The endless, hopeless, torments of despair.—
The livid, quivering lip!—the gasp for breath!
And all the unknown agonies of death!

There is a small, but wide meandering stream,
Where falls, in summer's days, the chequered beam,

Through the thick trees, whose deep and leafy shade
Invites the zephyrs to their cooling glade;
The rays that fall glance brightly on the wave,
While the green bank its rippling waters lave.

Just by that stream, the home, where once his mind
Had tasted pleasures simple, but refined,—
The joys of boyhood—when the happy child
Saw smiling nature, and on nature smil'd,
Felt the delights that swell the youthful heart,
By crime untainted, and unbound by art;
Soon dash'd the tear from pleasure's eye of light,
A moment clouded, but for ever bright;
Sprung forth to catch the earliest gleam of day,
And brush'd the sparkling drops of dew away;
And, in the evening, laid him down to rest,
Calm as the infant on its mother's breast.

There too his manhood passed—that cot had been
Of many a harmless joy the happy scene:
There, when the ended labors of the day
Gave rest to age—to laughing childhood play—
His children, crowding for their father's kiss,
Gave the fine thrill of warm paternal bliss;
While the fond mother standing joyful by,
Wip'd the soft tear of gladness from her eye,
Felt all the richness of maternal love,
And bless'd the hand that shower'd it from above.

And now how chang'd he was! This thought alone
Gave death new horrors that were not his own.

If he look'd back, he scarce could mark the time
When first he trod the devious ways of crime:
He rather found that virtue had given way
Beneath the influence of unmarked decay;
And then a wretched interval of life,
Fill'd with the wildness of chaotic strife,
When passion's maddening tumult strangely rose,
Crime following crime, and woes succeeding woes;
Lash'd by remorse, and goaded by despair,
And worn by all the torturous stings of care;
With ruined prospects, and each hope o'erthrown,
He did the deed of blood, that calls for blood alone.

Since, had tempestuous feelings reach'd his breast,
The whirl of passion, without hope of rest;
Remorse, despair, and mingling dread combin'd
To fix, and sink, and rankle in his mind.

Turn'd on himself—his fall, his loss, his crime,
His future fate, his hopelessness in time,
He little thought of law's avenging doom,
The waiting scaffold, or the gaping tomb,
Nor valued safety, which could only give
Remorse's scorpions longer time to live.

But law had seiz'd him, and his doom was past;
And death's grim angel near approach'd at last;
The torpor, which had held his soul, gave way,
Like darkness yielding to the beam of day.
Less painful if for ever coldly there
Had dwelt the freezing numbness of despair:
For now, awakened on the verge of fate,
He gaz'd on danger—but he gaz'd too late—
'Twas but to shrink—to dread to yield his breath—
Yet see no gleam of blessing after death;—
Shivering to stand upon the dreadful shore,
View the broad sea, and hear the billows roar;
Yet catch no cherub voice of heavenly love,
To whisper peace and mercy from above.
His eyes were opened, and, in full display,
Outstretch'd eternity before him lay,
Without one blessed hope to lull to rest
The rising tumult of his heaving breast.
I said, 'twas like the beam of early light,
That streaks the *sombre* canopy of night;
'Twas rather like the red portentous gleam,
That flashes o'er the melting lava-stream.

The night was spent in tossings to and fro,
The wretched offspring of despair and wo;—
Wo that had torn his lacerated heart,—
Despair that bade the angel Hope, depart.

And if exhaustion e'er availed to steep
His wearied senses in the balm of sleep;
He groaned and started, till the rattling chain
Call'd back his dungeon and his fate again;
Dreamed that he held the brandish'd knife on high,
Marked the pale lip, and caught the dying sigh,
Cleansed the dim weapon of the reeking gore,
And washed his hands of murder, o'er and o'er,
Till flames infuriate wildly round him roll,
Rock the wide earth, and shake the sounding pole;
While he, all trembling 'mid the general fire,
Stands the sole mark of heaven's avenging ire;
Till starting wild, he almost found relief
Amid the cold realities of grief.

The sun arose. O'erwhelm'd with shame and crime,
About to cross the narrow bound of time;
Sadly he watched the morning's ruddy beam,
Which through the gratings now began to stream.

The bolts fly back—the prisoner heard the sound,
And slowly, sternly, rais'd him from the ground;
Collecting all the calmness of despair,
What must be borne, with dignity to bear.

'Twas like a dream before his wildering eyes,
A flash of mingled horror and surprise.

Through the low porch a woman rush'd, whose face
Bore all the lines intensest grief can trace;
And with a feeble cry, that yet express'd
Her hopeless sorrow, sunk upon his breast.
And did that cry remind him of a voice
Whose sound could once bid all around rejoice?
And had he seen that rayless eye before,
Whence tears had flow'd, till tears could flow no more,
Reflect each gentle look of bliss and love,
As the clear lake the sunbeam from above?

Yes, it was she,—the injured, the betrayed—
Her joys all faded, and her hope decayed—
And still adhering to her husband's breast,
As the dove flutters round her falling nest.

His children too were there; and stood amaz'd;
Gaz'd on their mother—on the pris'ner gaz'd:
Scarce in the altered visage could they trace
The former features of their father's face.
They heard their mother's sighs, and gathered near,
While each young eye grew sparkling with a tear.
Upon its sister's arm, the youngest slept;
Then waked to smile, when all around it wept.
' this was bitter! amid all his woes
ose the only thought that gave repose;

And find commingled with the draught of woe
What filled the bitter cup to overflow.

Amid remorse, and shame, and restless grief,
One hope administered some faint relief—
That all his shame and grief were hid from those
Who still might share, but not relieve, his woes;
On whom disgrace, deserved by him alone,
Would throw dishonor that was not their own;
With crimson, dye the most unsullied fame,
And add to sorrow's pangs the bitterer pangs of shame.

To die is bitter: but to die alone,
Unwept, unblessed, unpitied, and unknown,
Without one friend to close the swimming eye,
Wipe the damp brow, and catch the parting sigh—
Oh!—this to death can keener pangs impart,
Can pierce the soul, and rankle at the heart.

But oh! when crowds intently gazing round,
Watch every look, and wait for every sound,
To mark how death, and dread, and guilt, and shame,
And blasted hope, and character and fame,
Fear of the future, horror for the past,
Can shake the wavering, trembling soul at last—
Then, if some friend, whose image once arose,
Balm of our fears, and comfort of our woes,

For whom our love the finest feelings twined
With all the finer texture of the mind,
Has mixed with every better thought—has been
The brightest ray in every brighter scene;
Or if misfortune's clouds around us lower,
A beam of sunshine peeping through the shower—
If such a friend step forward, calmly bold,
To brave the frown, himself that frown withhold;
Nor join the coldly virtuous, cheaply-good,
Who hate the fall, where they themselves have stood
—Then varied feelings dwell within the heart,
The balm is soothing, although sharp the smart.
Dear as a gleam of mercy from on high,
One glance of friendship's sympathising eye:
But deep the grief, to know its glance takes in
The proof of crime, the dread reward of sin.
But for the prisoner, where the potent charm
To still his pangs, or quiet his alarm?
The heart, o'er which the potent spells that bind,
In chains of adamant, the human mind—
Alike, in every age, in every hour—
O'ercome by love for him—had lost their power—
This was the heart, o'er which his crimes had thrown
A hue of sorrow dark as was his own.

To her the cruel smile of scornful hate,
Which the world turns upon the desolate,

While even gentle pity ill can hide
The rising struggle of offended pride;
To her the frown that lowers upon the few
Who dare to face what others fear to view—
To face the poisoned darts by slander hurled,
To face the scorn and anger of the world—
To her the praise and censure others prized,
Alike indifferent, and alike despised.

I will not strive, beyond my feeble power,
To paint the horrors of that dreadful hour.
How vain the words of soothing comfort flow,
Like the pure moon-beam on the polar snow—
The silvery light may spread a second day,
But the cold frost-work will not melt away.
His children's looks of love, each fond caress
Received from cherished infant tenderness,
But pierced his heart with keener anguish through,
And cast o'er all the scene a darker hue.
My mind retains no more. Each image glancing,
Like light upon the dark blue ocean dancing;
Or like a flitting, dying, wavering flame,
In broken indistinctness went and came.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Just here, the indistinctness of the worthy author's MS. equals that of his dream; and the light, by which I was copying his lines, was suddenly and unaccountably affected with the same complaint of "broken indistinctness," with which, as the author seems, in his simplicity to intimate, his thoughts are here—for the first time!—chargeable.

Considering that I really had done enough for one night, I experienced the delight of self-complacent satisfaction—laid my pen on the table—myself on the bed;—but never resumed sufficient courage to proceed with the task. This is the less to be regretted—in the first place, because I am hereby entitled to give these rhymes the inviting name of "A Fragment;" and, secondly, because the original MS. containeth scarcely twenty lines more than the copy doth, seeing that the author was lost in a maze of thought, the confusion of which is to be attributed (according to thy pleasure, O most gentle reader)

either to the nature of the dream, or to the difficulty of doing justice to the last scene; from the necessity of attempting which, the worthy songster hath thus delivered himself, with a dexterity which doth not at all comport with the assertion of my good landlady, touching the weakness of his intellect.

Nor can I here forbear to state that, of all those, to whom I have shown this poem, not one hath expressed any dissatisfaction at its abrupt termination. Nay, some who refused the stamp of their approbation to the body of the piece, and manifested evident signs of impatience, while I was reading it to them; were yet pleased to express their pleasure at its termination; and to except the *end* from the sweeping censures passed on the production.

As this passage closes the extracts from essays of the second session at college, I take the liberty of presenting the testimonial of Professor Jardine, in whose class William spent a large portion of that time, though he

generally attended the Greek with the late Professor Young, and not unfrequently (I think) the Lectures of Professor Walker. This testimonial is given rather in the form of a certificate than in that of a letter.

Glasgow College, Feb. 16, 1822.

I CERTIFY that Mr. William F. Durant attended the Logic and Rhetoric Class in this University; and, in the examinations and exercises, gave most satisfying proofs of uncommon abilities, vigorous application, and great success; and, at the end of the session, the first and highest prize was bestowed on him by the unanimous approbation of his fellow students. To the above, I have only to add, that no student ever recommended himself more to my good opinion, than Mr. Durant did, by a promise of great future attainments—or to my affections, by more amiable dispositions—more pleasing manners—by a conduct more regular or more strictly academical. In testimony whereof,

GEO. JARDINE,
Log. et Rhet. P.

He returned in May, 1820, found us happy, and made us more so. Time had softened down our grief, had given a mellowness to the scenes of 1818; and we could dare to talk, for the first time, without agony, and even with a soothing pleasure, of the dear departed. His aunt, though far from strong, was in better health; he was peculiarly well; and we had scarcely ever known a more peaceful summer. During this vacation, he undertook to write for a *University* prize; the competition for which, open to graduates and undergraduates, lay among fifteen hundred young men. Earl Glasgow, who had been Lord Rector of the College, had proposed a ten-guinea prize for the best Essay "ON THE ADVANTAGES OF CLASSICAL LEARNING." When William announced to me his intention, he candidly said, "I think I have no chance of getting it; but in such a struggle, it is no dishonor to fail: and, at any rate, the effort will do me good." It cost him certainly no small labor; and displayed great improve-

ment in composition, in nice discrimination, and in general learning. He did not gain that prize: but, as the contest had been so severe—for sixteen, I think, wrote for it—and as many of the essays were very superior, the professors had determined on adding another prize to that of Lord Glasgow—and that prize, after a high compliment on the essay in the Public Hall, from one of the professors, before it was known by whom it was composed—fell to the lot of my dear son. The first was gained by a gentleman, some years older than himself, and whose family had all been distinguished, at that seat of learning, for their high intellectual character. The rest, it may be pretty confidently asserted, were not younger than he, and some of them were unquestionably much older; for he was, when he wrote it, only between seventeen and eighteen. None, I believe, envied him his honors; they knew that he deserved them; and the modesty with which he bore them, conciliated universal esteem*. The essay, as large or larger than

* See Professor Mylne's Letter to Dr. Wardlaw in a subsequent part of the memoirs.

that on the Tribunicial Power, is too extensive for this work; nor will it well bear compression.

He renewed, in this vacation, his Latin composition and Greek reading. But as he was about to enter the mathematical and moral philosophy classes, he prepared himself by getting through the first six, and the eleventh books of Euclid; Bonnycastle's Algebra, &c.; and by reading Paley and some other works on mental and moral philosophy. He contrived, amidst all his other engagements, to read a great deal of general and ephemeral literature; and begun a pretty little piece on an affecting incident, with which he met in M'Cree's Life of Melville.

Fired with the love of liberty; and with a detestation of slavery, so natural to a youthful and ardent mind, he felt indignant at the restraints imposed upon the continental nations, by those very men, who had, in the hour of extreme danger, thrown themselves upon the patriotism of their people, and promised them,

as the reward of their exertions, liberal and beneficent political institutions; but had, in many cases, redeemed their pledge, by imprisoning, chaining, or expatriating some of those who had fought and bled in the cause of legitimacy and order. His society at College, where almost every youth of talent was an avowed admirer of freedom, was not likely to cool his political ardor; and he brought home a much larger share of "whiggery," as he terms it in his letters, than he had carried thither. Whig principles were, indeed, those in which he had been educated; for they are the principles to which protestant dissenters owe all their religious liberties; but they had, about this time, acquired considerable force. Under the strong impressions of the moment, he began a poem, entitled, "*A Review of Modern Despots.*" My son greatly admired monarchial power, as limited by the British constitution: he was, indeed, *enthusiastically* attached to it, as he was to every thing belonging to his own country. The piece was written just as the patriotic Spaniards were making their last—and let it be hoped, their success-

ful—struggle for liberty. From the temper displayed by nearly all the continental cabinets, it is pretty clear, that had not France—yet agitated with the shock of the Revolution—and the Pyrenees interposed between Germany and Spain, the peninsula revolutionists would have shared the fate of the Neapolitan. How far William intended to proceed when he began the sketch, I know not. His sense of justice and his loyalty would unquestionably have confined him to the continent—some of whose monarchs would furnish no scanty materials for the indignant numbers of the satirist: but, as the royal mantuamaker of Spain* claimed the first niche in the pandasi-

* After a general introduction, he begins:—

"First comes Fernando glorious! note
"The virgin's broidered petticoat!
"See, from his hand the needle falls;
"For now a greater object calls;
"And those who nobly, madly save
"A tyrant from a meeting grave;
"Defrauded of its wretched prey,
"That narrow-minded bigot's clay;
"Whose little microscopic mind,
"That Leuwenhook could scarcely find,

licon, the writer fixed *him* there, and seems to have been, for the moment, satisfied with his achievement; for he never proceeded farther. The piece, though very spirited, is too imperfect to be offered to the public. But the poem on Melville, with a few short fragments besides, written at this time, will be found in the following pages.

" In 1566, Admiral Coligne, at the head of the protestant army, laid siege to the city of Poictiers, which was vigorously defended by the young Duke of Guise. The classes in the University being broken up, Melville entered into the family of a counsellor of parliament as tutor to his only son. When he was making rapid improvement in his education, this promising boy was prematurely cut off. Coming into his room one day, Melville found his little pupil bathed in blood, and mortally wounded by a cannon ball from the camp of the be-

" Is but sufficient to inspire
" The creature's frame with living fire,---
" Enough to keep each vital part,
" Without the skill'd embalmer's art."---&c. &c.

siegers, which had pierced the house. He lingered for a short time, during which he employed the religious instructions which he had received, in comforting his afflicted parent; and expired, in his tutor's arms, pronouncing the words in Greek, Διδασκαλε, τον δρομον μου τετελεχα — '*Master, I have finished my course.*' Melville continued to retain the most lively recollection of this affecting scene, to which he could never refer without tears." *

THY race was run—too quickly run—
As clouds, before the morning sun,
A moment gilded by his rays,
Are lost amid the solar blaze:
So life, the vapor life, from thee
A moment hid eternity;
Then, mist-like, melted quite away,
And left thee in immortal day.
Soon did thy star in shades decline;
'Twas but to rise in happier spheres,
Where fields of cloudless ether shine,
And heaven's unveiled light appears:

* M'Cree's Life of Melville, vol. 1. p. 29.

As if the sun should just arise,
And cast a gleam of golden light,
Then hasten from our turbid skies,
And leave us in eternal night;
Nor on a world of sin and wo
His pure celestial radiance throw.

Melville! affection such as thine,
Round meaner objects would not twine:
But once embraced—not death could part
The close attachments of thy heart,
Resembling, in their strong control,
The giant firmness of thy soul.
Then—the last glance!—that spoke to thee
When scarce the dying lip could move,
And that one word, Didascale,
Which told his reverence and his love!
And in the last, the parting hour,
When death exerts his dreaded power,
Called back the fleeting moments past—
Your mutual studies, mutual care—
And, tho' that minute was the last,
Showed that nor time nor pain should wear
A single cruel trophy won
From such a mind as his oppressed;
But that as sets the tropic sun,
In more than rising glory dressed;

So the warm feelings of his soul
Would beam with unremitted flame,
Till life's faint current ceased to roll,
Till life's last crimson drop should flow,
In health and sickness, weal and wo,
Remaining still the same.

Memory will sometimes cast a shade
Of sadness o'er the brightest day;
And gloom is sometimes gloomier made,
When from the past there comes no ray
To pierce the deep obscure, and throw
A tint of lustre over wo:
And yet her darker scenes possess,
Sometimes, a passing loveliness.
Thus oft doth evening's yellow light
Gleam thro' the clouds, more mildly bright,
Than when the glorious day declining,
Through pure unsullied azure shining,
Diffuses radiance o'er the skies,
And in its own effulgence dies:—
And so when years had brought relief,
Or stolen the sharpest sting of grief,
Remembrance, Melville, then to thee
Was melancholy's luxury.
As through the parting cloud we view
A little spot of heavenly blue,

And almost dream that we can see
The splendors of eternity.
How amid azure fields of light,
The choral song may ever rise.
While with unearthly splendors bright,
Soar the fair children of the skies :—
So when we think of those we love,
Who since have left their earthly home,
We see them crowned with joy above,
And trace them, as their spirits roam,
Now free as light, from star to star,
Amid unfathomed space afar.
And while the fine illusion stays,
A beam of passing brilliance plays,
Pierces the clouds that roll below,
And spreads around a brighter glow ;
Till smiles the king, in terror drest,
An angel in a darker vest ;
And gleaming on his ebon gate,
And on his shade-encircled throne,
Where all the ministers of fate
The monarch of destruction own,
Gilds the clouds that round him rise ;
While faint and dim the happier skies
Of life and peace are viewed between,
Just glimmering through the darker scene.*

* A friend, to whose taste and judgment great deference is

'Tis not illusive! only this
One glimpse of distant truth we see,
While earth's most smiling scenes of bliss
Are but deceptive pageantry.
As when we view some point of light
That gems the jewelled veil of night;
And deem that 'tis an orb controlling
The peopled worlds, that round it rolling,
Turn to that sun's effulgence fair,
And bask in settled radiance there.
When thus on fancy's airy wing,
Through unknown regions wandering,
Upward with all our power we soar,
And lift a veil undrawn before,
Until we shrink amazed thence,
Confused amid magnificence;

due, says, in a note to me, "It is submitted, that the interest of this piece would be improved by compression. After we have lost Melville and his pupil, we seem to wander among generalities too slightly associated to keep up an equal interest." The same thing had certainly occurred to me; and I feel the justice of his criticism: yet (as if in defiance of his judgment and my own) I have resolved to let it stand as I found it. The reader may, by no difficult fiction, suppose the poem, on Melville and his pupil, to end at the asterisk; and consider the remainder as a *fragment*.

Repress the feelings overwrought,
Relax th' intensity of thought;
And sinking are content to share
In earthly joys and earthly care;
Until a glance—a word—a sigh—
A sparkling, or averted eye—
Or aught to touch a single string
Of those around the heart that cling,
Would wake a warmer thrill; and roll
A tide of feeling o'er the soul,
More than would heaven's collected beaming
In one broad flood of glory streaming.
Then when our bounding souls aspire,
And feel the true ethereal fire,
That urges them to climb and trace
The wonders of unmeasured space,
Till thought grows weak, and reason vain,
And soaring fancy sinks again—
Imagination ev'n can paint,
With colors of celestial dye,
No scene that is not far more faint,
More dim than bright reality.

But when the things of earth around—
The common cares of every day—
Our hopes, our thoughts, our wishes bound,
So that we deemed 'twas fancy's play,

A bright, but yet illusive ray,
That glittered, and then died away:
'Tis then delusion—'tis a spell
That holds within so strait a cell
The soul, which else would rove afar,
From sphere to sphere, from star to star,
Burst the dull chains that round her twine,
And in immortal brilliance shine.
So when intently we explore
The vast expanse of endless life,
And pierce the clouds that hover o'er
This little scene of toil and strife;
Till fancy, amid rays so bright,
Grows sightless from excess of light;
'Tis but the fair, the cloudless ray
Of truth's divine eternal day.

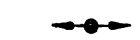
But, when, these thrilling feelings flown,
Of other thoughts the force we own;
And yield to earth, and earth's control,
Entire dominion o'er the soul,
While the past vision's fading beam
Looks like a fair, but broken dream—
Then when mortality's thick veil,
Before just drawn, is clos'd anew,
And lower thoughts again prevail,
And narrower prospects bound our view—

This is not truth!—'tis magic all!
The fetters cramp, but do not gall;
'Tis but a single withe to bind
Th' untamed mightiness of mind.
The giant sleeps—nor tries his power,
Lock'd in oblivion's deadening arms,
Forgets the past, the glorious hour,
And rapture's heaven-descended charms;
Nor snaps the cords that round him twine,
The chains that all his strength confine;—
Or deems *that* higher range of thought
Is feeling into madness wrought.

As if some captive, who had been
Imprison'd from his earliest day,
Where nought of heaven's own light was seen,
Save, through the distant grate, a ray
That could not drive the gloom away;—
Prompted by nature's wish to know
What is around, above, below,
Should climb to reach that grate—then see
Heaven's blest light, so fair and free,
Beaming on mountain, wood and fell,
The fertile vale, the shaggy dell,
The waterfall—the river's breast
That basks in calm and sunny rest,
The grassy knoll, the forest trees
That rustle to the summer breeze,

The waving fields of golden grain,
The verdant hill, the tufted plain,
And all those scenes a thrill which give,
That makes it luxury to live—
Then shrink from the unusual rays,
And hide him from the solar blaze,
Look round upon his dungeon wall,
And fancy 'twas delusion all. * * *

FRAGMENTS.



The ripple that the zephyr's breath
On ocean's breast hath made,
Is gilded by the sun-beam,
And darkened by the shade.
The rainbow tints, athwart the sky,
That brightly bloom awhile,
May now with brilliance glitter,
Now wear a fainter smile;
But soon the lovely vision's hues
Entirely fly away;
Tho brilliant ev'n in fading,
And beauteous in decay.

The eye to-day that glances bright,
To-morrow morn may fade;
And with it perish each delight,
That its own beam had made.
The flower that now is opening fair
May fall ere evening close,
And not a leaf hang withering there,
To tell where bloomed the rose.

MIDNIGHT.

All the world are sleeping,
Save the broken-hearted weeping,
And the power eternal keeping
  This universal frame.
The silent stars are glowing
O'er a world where tears are flowing,
And the mourner only knowing
  How beauteous shines their flame.
The world are slumbering lightly,
And dreams are flitting brightly,
While God above us nightly
  The universe unveils:
But they, whose tears are streaming,
View the pure starlight gleaming
Through darkness clearly beaming,
  With light that never fails.

FRIENDS OF INFANCY AND YOUTH MEETING AFTER LONG SEPARATION.

THINE eye was bright, thy brow was fair,
Grief's withering hand had not been there
To mark the furrowed lines of care,
When last we parted.
Young Hope's deceitful brilliance shining,
Show'd many a wreath of roses twining
Round many a bower for soft reclining,
When last we parted.
Quench'd are the rays so richly beaming,
On all the future prospect streaming,
With life and love and glory gleaming,
When last we parted.
Yet tho' these fairy colors fly,
And joy's young flow'rets bloom to die,
Tho' youth, and love, and hope, are by,
Since last we parted;
Life's cheerless tide may ebb away,
But hearts can never know decay,
And friendship is as true to-day,
As when we parted.

On his return to College in 1820, he entered the Mathematical and Moral Philosophy Classes, intending to hear occasionally the Greek lectures of Professor Young. The exquisite ability and urbanity of Mr. Mylne quite captivated him. Under this learned professor he was in his very element. Subjects, the profoundest that have ever exercised human ingenuity, and to which he had, almost from his childhood, paid uncommon attention, were now fairly thrown before his mind by a master, who knew how to simplify the most abstruse, to arrange the most confused, and to shed a light over the darkest, speculations of ancient and modern philosophers. He found, in this class, many gentlemen of most powerful and accomplished minds—who witnessed his efforts that session, and will bear testimony to his intense labors, his accurate thinking, his brilliant success. From Mr. Mylne himself, he received, on many occasions, the most unequivocal testimonies of approbation—may it not be added, of *admiration* also? With the exception of one

class-fellow, he distanced all his competitors. That gentleman—who will, I trust, be equally distinguished for usefulness in the ministry of the gospel, as for literary attainments at College—was accomplished beyond many, was a most diligent student, had spent four years at a respectable theological seminary in England, and was, at least, ten years older than my son—that gentleman just carried the first prize; and William, without the slightest question, took the second. The rivalship* was too honorable to admit one petty feeling of pride or envy—and no young man at the University was more disposed than Mr. Hoppus to do justice to the intellectual and moral worth of his honorable antagonist and friend.

* In a letter written in his first session at Glasgow (1818) he says, "You were mentioning the principle of emulation. Now it is a remarkable fact, that heartburnings, want of honor, &c. have very little, if any, place among the first ranks of a class; while they dwell and operate in the lower and inactive parts of it. In the one case, they are carried off and sublimed by exertion; whereas, in the other, they have time to fix and even grow amidst kindred stench and stagnation. I must say, that I think the great honor and good temper with which literary contests are here conducted, are very much to be admired."

On presenting the third series of extracts from his letters, a reference to the remarks which introduced the second, might seem sufficient: but there are here, it must be admitted, many statements of his success which may appear egotistic to those who do not recollect that he wrote to a father and an aunt, who wished to know all his concerns, and from whom he scarcely ever concealed a single movement or thought. Though his letters were read occasionally by a few relations and intimate friends, *he* was never aware that any eyes but those of the two persons for whom they were exclusively intended, lighted on them. There was, therefore, no occasion for reserve: and he knew that such communications afforded unspeakable pleasure to hearts that derived their greatest share of earthly happiness from him. He has, it is also admitted, expressed himself, with considerable freedom, on two authors of great and deserved celebrity. His apology must be, that he *could* think for himself,—that he *did* think for himself—without bowing to the authority of even Reid and Stewart, in matters of taste and

judgment. If greater deference to such writers may seem due from so young a person, it should be again remembered, that he wrote only for us, who had accustomed him, from his childhood, to form and to express opinions for himself.

Birmingham, October 20, 1820.

My dear Father and Aunt,

HITHERTO I have been brought forward in safety and comfort—with no inconvenience except that of an occasional wetting, which even the "*robur et æs triplex circa pectus*,"—the coat, great coat, and tartan cloak could not entirely exclude. After leaving you at Blandford, I journeyed forward towards Bristol, without meeting any thing extraordinary, except the very great singularity of remembering what I was desired to remember, at Shaftesbury. Here too I met Mr. L.; and, when entering the town, beheld Mr. B. his own Automedon, in a cart superior, I dare say, to Hector's chariot, although the steed did not equal, I presume, the ωκυποδες ἵπποι of the Trojan. I do not remember that any thing else of note

occurred till I found myself in the ancient city of Bristol, where Mrs. D. kindly met me.

At a quarter before eight on Friday morning, I set off for this place—rain tremendous. At length, just as we first caught sight of the Severn, there came a gleam of sunshine. What a scene! That Pardiasaic valley presenting all the tints of autumn—the mellowed richness of the light that gleamed through the parting clouds—the distant river—the dark hills that rise beyond it—and the black clouds which crowded round the horizon, or were wildly scattered over the sky—formed altogether a landscape, which, if not intrinsically more beautiful than any I have before seen, excited, I think, more powerful emotions in my mind. Exeter is, perhaps, superior after all; but the recent shower, the autumnal tints, the peculiarity of the light, and above all, the refreshing and exhilirating effect which a cessation of rain produced on the exposed traveller, concurred to render the scene delightful.

We passed through Glocester, Tewkesbury, Worcester. At Tewkesbury, I saw the field of carnage where the two roses fought. My military skill was so great, that, on the first glance over the ground, I discovered the position of the victorious party, from the superior advantages which I perceived it to possess. Yet did the vanquished butcher some poor nobleman for deserting his post—attributing the disaster to him, instead of ascribing it to their own stupidity for fighting on such disadvantageous ground. Thus did I survey the field where passions of unmingled malignancy produced the shock of armies. Yet after this, I am ashamed to say, that I forgot to inquire after the situation of another battle—the altar where another libation of blood was poured out—as an offering, however, not to paltry prejudices, or royal animosity, but to the spirit of offended freedom, to the wrath of an insulted people. I did not see the site of the battle of Worcester.

Glasgow, Nov. 1820.

Our classes have now commenced, much to my contentment; for I really begin to want the excitement of College, since I have lost the retirement of home. Mr. Mylne appears to me an uncommonly pleasant lecturer—conversational, easy, and divested of all pomp whatever. A less pretending man I have rarely seen. We are all high busy at the election. I intend to collect all the placards published on the subject, and bring them home as curiosities.* The mathematical class does not open till next Monday; so that I am still more than sufficiently idle; yet by the help of election business, canvassing, placards, &c. I contrive to keep myself tolerably busy. Time is like the manna:† when I've most of it, I have little enough to do my business in;

* He brought home eight of these, and read them all over to us. We instantly recognised one—which was the longest—as his. I leave his companions to say which *they* thought the best.

† Exodus xvi. 18.

and when I'm pinched for it, I almost always contrive to get my business done nevertheless. I find my note-book answer admirably well. I am able to take a distinct and fair note of the lecture, *currente calamo.* This was my object; and I hope thus to avoid the necessity of that much copying, which is, like "much study, a weariness of the flesh."

Nov. 1820.

I NEVER had to write at a time when a greater number of circumstances eventful to us students had transpired within so short a period; and if all the matters to be narrated have not exactly the same interest for you which they have for me, you must accept a candid "*Quarum pars magna fui*," as the best apology I have to offer.

In the first place, the pride of our College, poor Professor Young, has been suddenly called off to that long home, "where the

wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." The visitation was awfully unexpected. He went, accompanied by his servant, to Hutton's Hotel, where he was accustomed to take the warm bath. His servant left him to bathe; but finding that the professor did not ring or call so soon as usual, he ventured to enter the room. His master was sitting in the water in his usual semi-recumbent posture—his features unaltered—his position undisturbed. The servant concluded that his master had fallen asleep, and endeavoured to awaken him; but it was all over; the immortal spirit had taken her flight. The fact, when generally known on Sunday morning, produced a universal sensation; and, of course, a deep emotion among the members of faculty and the students.

Now, then, I must proceed to narrate the electioneering contest which has engaged all our energies for the last fortnight * * * When I came to College this session, I brought with me certain feelings which had, however, assumed no definite shape, till Mr. C—— an old

friend of mine, informed me of the intention which had begun to manifest itself in some quarters—the intention of electing Mr. Jeffrey. I did not immediately come into the plan, but wished to wait till I could see Mr. T. B——, who was then staying at E—— with his uncle. After a few days, I saw him, and finding that the design met his most entire concurrence, we determined to set about its execution; and a few—perhaps eight or ten of us,—immediately commenced an active canvass. We had no precedent for a century preceding, to support us in endeavouring to eject a Lord Rector after the first year of his office—yet we determined to make the attempt. Once embarked in the enterprise, we found that retreat would be impossible. We had, therefore, nothing to do but to fight for it; and so we determined not to be wanting to ourselves; and, as for the rest, "*permitte divis cætera.*" About eight or ten days before the election, we issued a placard, "Vote for F. Jeffrey, Esq." This was soon followed up by handbills and squibs of all sorts and sizes. Seven or eight altogether have been published by

our party alone. At length, two days before the election, we determined to try the comparative strength of the parties; and, therefore, convened a public meeting of the students in the Lyceum. About 400 attended; and we entered into certain resolutions expressive of our sense of the propriety of electing Mr. Jeffrey. These resolutions were, of course, supported by speeches of considerable length, all tending to open the eyes and raise the feelings of our fellow students. After all this bustle, however, we did not feel perfectly secure of more than one nation;* and all our

* "The Rector is chosen annually in the *comitia*; that is, in a court, in which all the students, on this particular occasion, after matriculation, are entitled to vote, as well as the other members of the University. The election is conducted in the following manner: the whole of the matriculated students meet in the Common Hall, when the general roll is called, and the names of all present marked; after which the voters are arranged into four general classes or NATIONS, according to the place of their birth. These are denominated, *Glottiana*, *Transforthana*, *Loudoniana*, *Rothsaiana*. In each nation the vote of every individual is taken, and the voice of the majority constitutes the vote of that nation. . . . If the nations are equally divided, the former rector (query, the Vice Rector?) has the casting vote. . . . The Rector, with the advice of his assessors,

labour would, we knew, be in vain, unless we could carry a majority of nations. My heart palpitated sadly on the eventful day. The laws regarding the election were read,—we went into our several nations,—and we at length heard it announced, that Mr. Jeffery was brought in, by immense majorities, IN EVERY NATION. The excess of joy now showed itself in the most ungoverned expressions; and, as soon as the Common-Hall was emptied, the students proceeded to certain, rather culpable, extremities. In the first place, when we were all standing in the court, a cry was jocularly set up, "Chair Mr. Durant!" No sooner said, than I found my arms pinioned, my legs confined, and my body elevated on the shoulders of a number of persons, who, bent on some frolic, were pleased to make me the object of it. I soon, however, began to use my Durantine strength; and, sending my supporters

whom he nominates, judges in all disputes among the students, and between them and the citizens. He also convokes and presides in the meetings of the University called for the election of his successor, or for preparing addresses to the King, electing a member to the general assembly, and other important matters."—*Chapman's Picture of Glasgow.*

to the four winds of heaven, effected an immediate escape. This boyish frolic I should not have mentioned, but for what follows. The students, after I left the College, formed a procession into the midst of the city—into the hearts of which procession, some demon put it to walk by Mr. ——'s house. No sooner did this obnoxious edifice come into view, than a universal shout or groan was set up by the students who formed in a line three deep directly before it, and then returned to College again.*

December, 1820.

The more one sees of this life—many as its joys are; and these, with one so favourably and mercifully situated as myself,

* No further extracts will be made from this letter; but as William was reported to the Faculty to have incited and headed the procession—though he was not present at it, and always condemned it—the affair cost him some trouble; from which, however, he emerged with perfect honor. This extract is given, rather as a specimen of his lively descriptive powers, than for the purpose of reviving recollections.

are indeed many—yet the more is one struck with the frequent recurrence of calamity. In my last I announced the death of one who had, through a long life, maintained a high literary pre-eminence, and whose sudden fall attracted general attention, and excited almost universal awe. I have now to mention a misfortune which has occasioned no small sensation in our circle here. You remember Mr. ——, whom I have often described to you. Last week, he was seized with a most raving insanity, which had been gradually coming on for two or three days. He is now, poor man, lodged in the Lunatic Asylum. Your narrow escape* fills me, I hope, with gratitude—certainly, with joy, mixed with no small degree

* This alludes to the circumstance of my visiting a poor dying woman, who had been rendered almost deaf by her disease; which was, unknown to me, a typhus fever. In order that she might hear my conversation and my prayers, I held my face close to her's; and more than once inhaled her breath, and the effluvia from her bed-clothes. This took place twice before I knew the nature of her complaint. I was afterwards more cautious; but, from the violence of the complaint, she lived only twenty-four hours after the second visit, and I saw her only once more.

of awe. How near may I have been to losing my best earthly friend! With how loose a hand should we hold all our mercies, when the dearest of them may be snatched away by a single breath! I hope and pray that no ill effect may still ensue.

Professor Mylne has constantly acted with the dignity of a gentleman, and the kindness of a friend. He is altogether one of the most fascinating men I ever met with. You know I don't meet many fascinating people. On Friday last, I dined with him. He has been pleased all along to honor me with the most marked attention. I suspect, from several circumstances, "*nunc perscribere longum est*," that he thinks *I am a Unitarian!* I have not yet had any opportunity of making an appearance in the class. His lectures are original, and ingenious in the highest degree. He is, at present, only the metaphysician; and he has hitherto carried my belief, on all important points, along with him. He has not yet arrived at Morals. He has been on the subject of passion, desire, &c. He conceives

desire to be nothing more nor less than a *conception* of a thing as good, or calculated to confer happiness. *Emotion* may be a consequence of this conception; but the conception may be unaccompanied by emotion, and yet be a *spring of action*. *Desire is purely an intellectual operation*.† This is the very foundation of his system. This will, at first, stagger even you, (practised metaphysician as you are) a little. *I* was, at its first production, perfectly bewildered and dumfounded. Still, the more I think, the more am I inclined to believe that it *may* be true.

He has to-day been lecturing on infinite divisibility—very ingenious and clever; but, of course, leaving the matter nearly as mysterious as he found it. His notions about our

† There are some pretty obvious objections to this ingenious theory; which, according, at least, to ordinary modes of *expression*, would seem to affect the accountableness of man, as a *moral agent*: of these, William was aware; and they prevented him, I believe, from a *full admission* of the learned professor's system. Mr. Mylne himself certainly does not admit the supposed consequence; and would, I doubt not, say, that it could flow only from a misconception of his statements.

ideas of *externity* are admirable, as far as I can judge. He has nothing to do with "*Common Sense*," and I am very glad of it; as I confess that this appendage has always seemed to me a most awkward excrescence on the science of the human mind. You must inform aunt, that I don't mean *our* common sense—vulgar common sense; but what I believe to be the offspring of its direct opposite. *Philosophical Common Sense*, you will tell her, is an airy, flimsy, meretricious sort of being, totally unlike the grave and sober housewife, whose name she has chosen to assume.

The chapter of Butler on "REWARDS AND PUNISHMENTS," is beautiful—nay, I had almost called it, what it does not even profess to be, CONCLUSIVE. That on the "MORAL GOVERNMENT" is ingenious, is masterly, but not, I think, quite so satisfactory as the other. This may arise from his taking, or appearing sometimes to take, for granted, the existence of conscience as a distinct power of the human mind; and arguing on this, or some similar hypothesis. I have read it cursorily—and may

be—probably am—mistaken. I only state to you the general impression on my own mind. I admire him on "NECESSITY"—its practical influence, vol. 1. g. vi. The *analogy* is certainly strong. T— will, however, get out of the demonstration that the opinion of necessity is compatible with the existence of punishments, in this way:—"Necessity, if it exist, is inconsistent with *punitive* suffering. Necessity, however, is not inconsistent with the infliction of *pain*; because pain may work out so much ultimate good, as that the patient would,—if the whole circumstances of the case were before him, and an option given him,—chose to suffer that pain which he should see to be a necessary link in the chain of events leading to the ultimate good. Now, admitting the leading principle of chap. vii. we can have no proof that present evil is *punitive*. And therefore, it cannot be demonstrated, from its existence, that the opinion of necessity is consistent with the account of the Christian Revelation." Such is, I confess, nearly my view of the argument: although the argument from *analogy* remains *untouched*: it is probable,

certainly, that the more general government of God is analogous to that restricted portion of it which is presented to our observation.

I have thought of a thousand excuses for the egotism I am about to display. However, I have come to the determination of confessing my vanity, and throwing myself on your mercy, in confidence of obtaining your forgiveness for it. It would be affectation in me to say, that I am not pleased with being thought well of by those whom I highly esteem or admire; and almost worse than affectation, if, after the opinion I have expressed of Mr. Mylne, I should deny that I am glad he thinks well of me. He asserted, then, in his lectures, "*that the intensity and liveliness of our sensations are diminished by the frequency of their repetition or the length of their continuance.*" This he stated as an undoubted fact, and attributed it to a law of sensation. I wrote a voluntary, entitled, "SOME REMARKS ON THE ALLEGED FACT," &c. This fortunately met with Mr. M's high approbation. He characterized it as "an acute and ingenious

metaphysical essay." He said, my views were plausible, and probably just; and, finally, paid me the compliment of saying, that although his mind had been made up on the question, he should now re-consider the subject.

He is now attacking Dr. Reid's *Instincts, totis viribus*, and, I think, with the most entire success. The old Doctor seems to have had the art of compiling and *experimenting*, without almost any notion of drawing a general inference. No comprehensiveness of mind. This would be treason here, and, indeed, any where else, except in a private letter. Dr. Reid is one of those sort of people, who may be denominated intellectual Isles of Wight—good—cultivated—but extravagantly lauded—till to call them only fertile—and well-farmed spots—is sufficient to forfeit, for life, a man's character for delicacy and accuracy of perception.

January, 1821.

SITUATED as I am here—with so much to create comfort and excite thankfulness,—discontent would argue the possession of a bad head and a worse heart. Still there are certain circumstances, under which we experience a good deal of happiness, and a good deal of contentment, without losing the half melancholy pleasures of recollections, which refine, if they do not exhilarate; and of anticipation, which, if sometimes delusive, are never unwelcome, and rarely injurious. Now I confess that I have about me just so much of that peculiar affection for kindred and country, which now seems the characteristic of an age long since gone by—as if I had been born before America and the Cape of Good Hope* had come into known existence. Born and brought up with these feelings, I find myself in a situation by no means calculated to diminish their ardency. Removed

* Here is an allusion to the contemplated removal of a family, in the circle of our friends, to one of these places.

into a country which has just too little of that indescribable something, which is the characteristic of merry England—to allow me to imagine that I am still in my native land—and exiled for a space of time such as to make enjoyment keener, rather than to render the desire of that enjoyment less ardent—you may easily conceive, that even so *unimaginative* a being as W. F. D. finds enough on which his *imagination* may work, without his ever suffering those real inconveniences, which tend to shiver the frost-work she has raised.

This disquisition is a pretty convincing proof that I have no news to communicate: and, indeed, I conceive that the great use of metaphysical study is the power which it very soon communicates—the very important power—of saying something about nothing. * * * * *

* * * With this sort of feeling about me, you can easily conceive what approbation it is that I value most highly—because, however partial may be the verdict of those whose good opinion I have gained,—it is, nevertheless, the great

object, to secure which all my efforts are intended. Whatever *your* approbation, however, may be, I trust *I* do not, and *shall* not forget to whom, under God, and in connection with one who is now placed far above the objects of earthly solicitude, I owe all the little good of which I *am*, or *may be*, in possession.

It is rather a curious fact, that while at class, I keep up my simplicity, or rather, shabbiness of attire, to its full extent; my intimates are not only all gentlemen, but some of them the greatest dandies at College. This fact, simple as it is, goes with me rather against the doctrine of a certain friend of our's—the doctrine, namely—That it is necessary, absolutely necessary, to keep up appearances. The *first* session I was not, I dare say, the *more* respected for the unfashionableness of my appearance; *nor* am I the *less* respected for it *now*. Mr. W—kf—d and myself agree very well. Fortunately, he is not a young man of very expensive habits; and indeed, if he were, my plan is fixed: and because a young man spends, whose father is worth £100,000,

I should never think of doing the same. I never affect any thing; and, therefore, have nothing to support. This I find an immense advantage.

Feb. 1821.

One object has, of course, lately employed your solicitude and your attentions; and although we have, I think, no reason to doubt that what is to us a bereavement, was to our beloved relative a blessing; it is impossible for the wisest dictates of the most enlightened reason, directed by the purer and higher discoveries which we owe to divine revelation—to calm the emotions which the loss of those we love occasions—effectually to say, "Peace, be still," to the conflicting feelings of nature—or to answer, in a way satisfactory to the troubled spirit, all those questions with which grief, unrestrained by high and holy principle, would assail the unsullied rectitude and purity of Him, who, while he is the fountain of our happiness, is, for reasons

equally wise, and, indeed, equally benevolent, the author of our sorrows. I have often thought that if we could, at one glance, take in all the various relations of the different parts of universal nature—could we penetrate futurity—go back into the unfathomable abyss of the past—and examine the complicated machinery of the divine government—we should be able to perceive how, by a sort of celestial alchymy, happiness is, in every case, educed from misery—so that there is not a pang of suffering humanity—but tends to illustrate the one great principle, that "God is love." All the attributes of Deity appear to me so many modifications, and all his works so many emanations of infinite, eternal benevolence, connected with infinite wisdom. Those who are, however, deeply afflicted, want more than the generals,—or what we may call, the philosophy of religion—and that more intimate acquaintance is, I trust, possessed, and its comforts experienced by my dear cousin. As for the dear children—the same religion which points out a hereafter, and forbids to christians the mournful "VALE," which is the appropriate

mark only of an eternal separation—informs us that He who is higher than the highest, but whow knows our infirmities, and remembers that we are but dust—takes a paternal interest in the orphan, and hears the cry of those who are deprived of their natural protectors. Give my best and kindest love to the chief mourner. Condolence, formal condolence at least, is not the balsam that must heal the wound divine wisdom inflicts. That I loved the deceased, *you* all know, and *he* knows. May we all meet her, where separation is as impossible as union is delightful; and union as delightful as the favouring smiles of Almighty love can make it! Remember me most affectionately to the dear children. May they belong to the family of God, an almighty, unchanging, never-dying protector!

March, 1821.

Believe me, that if my present state of health be mercifully continued to me, I shall return as complete an *Adonis* as when

I left you. That alchemical process,* which last year threw a golden tint over my visage, has not yet commenced; nor do I see the slightest probability of its approach. I begin to have quite the spring feelings; and they are, I assure you, by no means unpleasant. I am now writing (six o'clock, p. m.) without a candle; and have just returned from my *first afternoon* walk. I hope you wont blame me for a luxury so destructive of time;—since it was indulged in, as a sort of *Gaudeamus*, (to use the College phrase) having finished Blackstone to-day. I rather think that I shall not do much in the reading way for the rest of this week; but rather attack D. Stewart, at all events, next Monday, if not before.

I have had an amazing deal to be thankful for during this winter—continued health—general enjoyment—and the kindness of friends. Nor is it an inconsiderable blessing, in my opinion, that Mr. W—kf—d has never thwarted me at all, nor clashed with me in one particular. He is, of course, more expensive than

* In the previous spring, he had had a slight bilious affection.

I am—as, indeed, he ought to be—but he draws me into no expenses whatever.

I have just finished the first poetical*—that is, of course, rythmical—effusion, in which I have this winter indulged. The occasion is this: a friend of mine (who is, by the by, a sort of favourite pupil of Dr. Butler, of Shrewsbury) gave in a poetical essay of considerable merit, "on the diversity of human character." Mr. Mylne then expressed a readiness to receive other attempts of the same kind. This determined me to try my fortune. So I yesterday began, and have now completed, an essay on the providence of God; in which I covertly attack * * * The thing is, of course, a complete experiment, and I am doubtful how it will go down.

Are you not electrified with indignation at Brougham's bill? I think 'Dissent' expects every man to do his duty.' Excited, we are powerful: and 'a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull, all together,' may, perhaps, hint to

* This will be found in a future part of the present volume.

the bishops (whom he seeks to propitiate) that the day of *encroachment* is passed. You cannot be * * * and, therefore, will not suspect me of flattery, when I say, that a severe letter, either to the dissenters—to Brougham—or to the Edinburgh Reviewers—from your pen, would be not, I think, an unsaleable, and certainly, a most useful publication. It would tear off the delusive bandage, which too many dissenters still suffer to rest on their eyes, and dissipate the film, which hides their real danger. By the way, Peel has been imprudent enough to let the long-concealed cat out of the bag. It is, then, the repeal of the test and corporation acts—the emancipation of protestants, not of catholics, they dread! We *knew* it; but we did not think they would have had the absurdity and effrontery to proclaim so disgraceful a truth. I am for the dissenters making a grand movement just now. This is not a time when the voice of half a million of people petitioning for the repeal of measures, which are not certainly necessary to the existence of administration—can be slightly disregarded. You see Scotland has not cooled my dissenterism!

March, 1821.

I HAVE just finished Stewart's "Philosophy of the Human Mind." I have derived immense pleasure from his second volume. I have not been able to go through him so deliberately as I could have wished: still, I have done it with close attention, and have generally, I think, apprehended him. You will be rather shocked to hear me say, that I have met with much more acute thinkers, and close reasoners. His last chapter, "on final causes in metaphysical enquiries," where he adverts to the utility-scheme, is really as shallow a piece of boyish misapprehension and mis-statement as I have read for a long time. His analysis does not go down at all, after Mr. Mylne's clear, simple, pointed statements. Mr. Mylne's arguments are all collected, like the rays of the sun by a burning glass. You only see one luminous point; but that point is all-penetrating. Stewart's are the same rays spread over a beautiful garden. Every thing they fall on is bright, and glowing, and ele-

gaint; and the whole scene gay almost to enchantment—but that is all. No substances are decomposed—no compounds analysed—no secrets penetrated. This is, at least, my impression on the point.

I finish this week with a little sort of abstract of lectures. It was published by Dr. Thomas Brown, a little before his death. It is not the large work, understand: it is only a kind of synopsis, from which I hope to get a notion of his system, which is, I hear, extremely elegant. This book I hope to have finished by Saturday. Then I shall proceed to John Locke; or to a second perusal of Blackstone's Commentaries, for the purpose of picking up the information that may have escaped me—of refreshing my memory, and of deepening, and thus perpetuating, impressions which would otherwise gradually yield to newer ideas, till at length the old traces completely vanish. I flatter myself, that if I have no other qualification for a lawyer, I have, at least, a tolerable share of dogged application. For this I shall have call enough this summer;

for I am DETERMINED to set myself at mathematics, the which I do from my soul abhor. But I see the necessity of attending to them; and *attend I will*, whether I succeed or not.

Before I finally close, I must tell you, I have begun that synopsis of Brown's. I am quite delighted with it hitherto. He has, I think, twice Stewarts' mind. His lectures at length are lately published. If you can get them into the book society, they will be a great acquisition to such metaphysical people, at least, as you and I are. Should I be spared to return, I promise myself great pleasure in going over Mr. Mylne's course, from my notes, to you and my aunt—reading, of course, as I proceed, some of the exercises, which have been written by that enlightened philosopher, W. F. D. This will keep up my acquaintance with Mr. Mylne's theory, and with metaphysics in general; and will give you an insight into the doctrines taught here.

April, 1821.

If I am always obliged to scramble off my letters at odds and ends of time; and, generally, just when the wings of *Morpheus* are beginning to overshadow me; it is not, I am sure, because the thoughts of you and of your kindness occupy *scraps only* of my time. On the contrary, these thoughts are constantly stealing in, so that while I am in the middle of some metaphysical lucubration, that *crux philosophorum*, the principle of association—or, as Dr. Brown calls it, of "suggestion"—presents some of the scenes round which fancy loves to linger; till the whole machinery of thought and emotion is set at work so completely as to defy analysis. Business, however, must be attended to; and as the workings of the heart are less laborious than those of the head, I generally defer my letters, till exercise, reading, &c. are over for the day. Such is my apology; and you will, I hope, receive it as a very sincere, and a tolerably good one. To-day is the last of the sacramental holydays. I

am, I assure you, sorry for it. Holydays are not, with me, play-days;—but extremely convenient it is to have a little breathing-time. Although I have certainly worked this session harder than I did last, I have taken very regular exercise. I am, through mercy, perfectly well: and I shall, if the same health be prolonged to me, return with as pure a front as when I left Poole. The color of my forehead is, you know, a sort of hygeiometer with me.

By the by, your hints induce me to ask * * * Just here last night did my candle go out in the socket, and thus send me, *nolentem, volentem,* to bed. I rather think that your calculation on my return is a little premature. The first of May happens on a Tuesday. The steam boats run Tuesdays and Fridays only; so that I shall not be able to set off till the fourth; "*sed levius fit patientia quicquid,* &c. By the way, so loose a direction to Mr. James James's, at Birmingham, won't do. It is a most unfindable house; nor should I have got at it on my way down, had not Mr. J. met me

—for the hackney coachman seemed wholly unacquainted with the way. Now, Mr. J. was kind enough to say, that if I, by letter from Liverpool, let him know when I came, and how, he would meet me at the coach. This trouble, however, I don't wish to give him—only ascertain from Blandford that it will be convenient for him to receive me (because if not entirely so, 'twould be better to stay at an inn for one night)—then, the number of the house—and, lastly, inform me how Mr. J. is to be apprised of my intended visitation. Unless I can write from Liverpool, the uncertainty of the sea—which I have already experienced, even with steam assisting—precludes his knowing the *when* and the *how* of my arrival. Thus, you see, I have not lost my provident sagacity and cautious prudence.

So it is all over with the poor Neapolitans! They sadly want a little British steadiness. However, the sceptered ideots of the Continent, who are now chuckling over the mischief they have done, will enjoy but a transitory triumph. One is certainly apt to be impa-

tient of delay, and sorry, to see freedom repressed, though it be for a moment only. Still I look forward with perfect confidence. Mankind *are* enlightened, *will* be happy, and *must* be free. This great crisis, despotism may check; and anarchy, which the measures of that despotism, by a natural reaction, produce, may delay. But leagues, and invasions, and arbitrary enactments, and military proscriptions, are wholly unable ultimately to prevent the united triumph of freedom, of knowledge, and of virtue. You may tie down—you may nail down—you may screw down—the safety-valve,—and the idiot, who chooses to try the experiment, may applaud his own sagacity; and dream that for him it was reserved to confine the hitherto irrepressible fluid—till that fluid burst through every obstacle; and till he, who had attempted to impose on it so unnatural a restraint, is involved in a calamity of his own creation.

During this session, he wrote Essays, either enjoined by the professor, or as voluntaries, on the following subjects:—Moral Philosophy; Reason; Memory; Attention; Conception; Instinct; Classification of the Passions; Division of the Duties; Virtue; Fortitude; Habit; Conduct of Study through the Vacation; Causes of Error, as enumerated in Aphorisms 78 and 93 inclusive, *Novum Organum, Lib. pr.*; on Sympathy as a spring of action distinct from self-love; Some Remarks suggested by the alleged fact, that the liveliness and intensity of our sensations are diminished by the frequency of their repetition; Some Remarks suggested by an Essay on Attention, by Edmund Clark; Necessity; on the question, Is the doctrine of Necessity reconcileable with that of human accountableness? Immateriality of the soul; Immortality of the human soul; Providence. It is not easy to determine on a proper selection; but I will take the liberty of offering to the reader a few of the Essays.

VIRTUE.

Virtue must have some essential quality; and, without this quality, it cannot be conceived to exist. The contrary assertion appears to involve a contradiction. If Virtue consist—sometimes in benevolence, sometimes in prudence, sometimes in a sense of propriety, sometimes in the good tendency of the principle whence it springs—then must we come to one of two conclusions: either, in the first place, that benevolence, prudence, and utility, are the same thing; or that the one word Virtue is used with a variety of different significations; and is, in fact, little more than an ill-defined term, which may mean any thing, or nothing, according to the will of the individual by whom it is used.

That physical philosopher would be justly condemned, who should attribute electrical and magnetic attraction to the general law of

gravitation; because, although it is possible that these different phenomena may have all a similar origin; yet, as their proximate causes are clearly distinguished from each other, and as we are unable to go beyond the proximate causes, it would be unphilosophical to anticipate the possible progress of discovery, by arranging under the same head things really so different. If a classification so improper had already obtained, it would be the duty of a truly philosophical inquirer to do all in his power, by introducing a more correct nomenclature, to remedy the inconsistency. Now the analogy between the physical and the moral inquirer seems to me, in this case, to be perfect. If the latter find that the word VIRTUE is used to designate things essentially different from each other—that the quality which recommends an action to our moral approbation—in other words, the quality which renders an action VIRTUOUS,—is, in some cases, benevolence; in others, propriety; in others again, utility—then is he just as much bound to infringe on ancient usage, and to distinguish, by a more accurate classification,

the actions of which we approve on account of their benevolence, from those of which we approve on account of their propriety, as the physician is, to arrange under different heads those phenomena of attraction, which arise from gravitation, and those which are produced by magnetism or electricity. But if the moralist, on a still further inquiry, find that *propriety, benevolence, prudence,* as foundations of moral obligation, are all of them resolvable into utility—then is it just as much his duty, again to reduce all virtuous actions to the same category, as it would be the duty of the physical philosopher to class together, as the effects of a common cause, all the phenomena of attraction; provided it should turn out that magnetism, electricity, and gravitation, are all of them ascribable to one simple but all-pervading and ever operating principle. I could wish that the limits of this exercise allowed a more extended discussion; in which case, I should endeavour to show the similarity of principle which exists in relation to all those speculations, which occupy the most prominent place among the theories of virtue.

At present, however, my object will be to identify the system of propriety with that of expediency.

Let us suppose, for a moment, propriety and expediency to be completely at variance;—in other words, let us suppose it to be proper for every being, whatever may be his rank in the scale of existence, to endure unmixed and eternal misery. Now, who is there to whom this supposition does not appear an infinite absurdity? Who is able to conceive of a state of things in which evil—to each individual irremediable and unproductive of good in any part of the universal system—should be consistent with the eternal fitness of things? I do not anticipate here an objection, I believe, that every man will be ready to pronounce the very supposition an INFINITE ABSURDITY. Now, then, let me ask, whether the same absurdity does not, in a certain degree, attach itself to any system which supposes the eternal fitness of things to be in any way chargeable with the production of misery, or the diminution of happiness. I do not mean that the EXISTENCE

of misery is inconsistent with propriety—but that universal order cannot be productive of a quantity of happiness *smaller* than would be the consequence of the reverse: because that system, which is infinitely proper, must be, one would suppose, infinitely good; and how can we conceive of that, as infinitely good, which is less conducive to the production of happiness than is some other thing of the same kind with itself?

For instance—it is consistent with the relations and fitness of things, that the planets move in their orbits of peace and glory—and wholly inconsistent with those relations, that the heavenly bodies be propelled against each other, with such violence as to produce universal tumult. But suppose, for a moment, (how wild soever the supposition may appear) that the universe were repeopled with creatures, so constituted as to derive their satisfaction, and comfort, if not their support, from the tumult of conflicting systems, and from what we should, under existing circumstances, call the ruin of the universe. Should

we not, in this case, contemplate, with exactly those feelings of satisfaction, that PROPRIETY is calculated to produce the eccentric movements of clashing worlds? Even in this case, I admit that there is the adaptation of means to the end in view; and this adaptation we may, if we please, call PROPRIETY: but as the end in view is the production of happiness, that very propriety or adaptation of which we approve, is only utility with a less intelligible name.

The question seems to resolve itself into this: Do we approve of propriety, without any regard to utility;—in other words, do we approve of the adaptation of means to ends, where those ends are not themselves such as a wise and benevolent being would propose to himself? I admit that we sometimes admire this adaptation, as a manifestation of wisdom; but then as wisdom is, in its *general* tendency, highly beneficial, the approbation it is calculated to excite may be accounted for on the principle for which we are contending, *viz.* THAT OF EXPEDIENCY. If, however, we take

away that pleasure which arises from a perception of excellence in the object, and that which is produced by the other cause to which I have just referred—I cannot imagine to what sentiment of delight, the perception of adaptation, or propriety, would give rise.

If, however, the advocates of propriety insist on the existence of an ABSOLUTE FITNESS, differing from that kind of adaptation, which consists in the tendency of means to produce a certain end;—then do I feel myself entitled to ask, what this moral fitness is?—and then—what renders it so desirable, or so obligatory? If I am pointed to the duties of piety, as examples of that for which I am seeking—as consequences of a relation and specimens of an obligation, of which I have questioned the existence—I am necessitated to confess, that even in these duties I see an infinite propriety, only because I find in them a tendency to produce the most extensive benefits.

Before I proceed with this enquiry, I would just remark, that, on whatever principle our

reasonings in other respects proceed—one thing must be admitted, *viz.* that no action is either virtuous or vicious, except as the manifestation of a principle. When, therefore, I say, that I approve of a virtuous action, on account of its beneficial tendency, I do, in fact, say, that I approve of it, because the principles from which it springs would, if generally diffused, and carried out into action, produce universal happiness. Or taking the other theory, when I say, that I approve of an action, because it is proper; I do, in fact, assert, that I approve of that sense of propriety which would, if generally diffused, and carried out into action, produce universal order. Otherwise, I should be giving *moral approbation* to an *action* which, apart from an intelligent agent, is a mere abstraction; not possessing, evidently, the powers of consciousness, volition, judgment, &c.

The rule which has just been stated is evidently correct with regard to the duties of piety; since these duties, unlike some apparently virtuous actions, which are beneficial

independently of the principle whence they spring—have really scarcely *any intrinsic* value. It is a remark of Dr. Paley's, that a virtue is to be estimated, according to the effect which would result from its exemplification in the conduct of every intelligent being, who is susceptible to the influence of the principle from which it springs. The duties of piety, then, are only manifestations of a principle, which is directly and indirectly productive of effects the most various, and the most important. The principle to which I refer, is ATTACHMENT AND A CONSEQUENT DESIRE OF CONFORMITY TO A BEING, THE ESSENCE OF WHOSE CHARACTER IS INFINITE BENEVOLENCE, UNDER THE DIRECTION OF INFINITE WISDOM. Every intelligent being, in the universe of God, is naturally susceptible of this attachment. Temperance, chastity, and fortitude are, as far as we know, useful only in the present stage of our existence; but there is no conceivable state of rational being, in which we may not retain faculties for loving what is infinitely lovely. Taking all this, into account, apply Dr. Paley's rule. Suppose the principle of

love to God influential, wherever its influence can, in the nature of things, be felt.—Suppose every intelligent being in the universe to be actuated by a desire of conformity to the dictates of infinite wisdom, pointing out the proper means of effecting the ends of infinite benevolence. In this case, all intelligent beings would be co-operating in the great work of creating unbounded enjoyment. In the moral world, a regard to the will of the ALL-WISE would be the pervading principle which, like gravitation in the system of external nature, would prevent all irregularity; or, in other words, all deviation from that conduct, of which the tendency is to produce universal happiness. The duties of piety, then, derive their obligation, not from any gratification which their performance can administer to Him, whose ineffable felicity can receive neither detriment nor augmentation from any act of a created being—nor entirely from the happiness present, and future, which the performance of these duties produces to the pious individual—but from the good to which the natural operation of a principle, that identifies our

interests with the plans of infinite wisdom and benevolence, is calculated to give birth; so that the general beneficial tendency of piety is as much greater than the general beneficial tendency of any one of the ordinary virtues, as the rank, which the duties of religion occupy, is higher than that which is conceded to duties of any other description. Therefore—if the proposition, thus stated, be correct—whatever reason we have to believe that the obligation of the ordinary virtues consists in their utility—there is exactly the same kind and degree of reason why we should come to the same conclusion with regard to piety; and, of consequence, with regard to those performances which are its natural expressions.

IMMATERIALITY OF THE HUMAN SOUL.

We are naturally led to conceive that, besides the *qualities* of objects, there exist certain *substrata, nexus*, or *substances*, by means of which these qualities are bound together; and by which they are—to use an antiquated phraseology—received. All, however, we can rationally say of substance is, that it is an unknown cause of the union of qualities: and if we attempt to go any farther, we shall only lose ourselves in scholastic subtleties. The system of materialism seems to me to be founded on some confusion of ideas upon this subject. We have been understood to assert, that the substance of *mind* differs from that of *matter*; whereas we have never, I believe, advanced a position so untenable, because placed so entirely beyond the limits of legitimate reasoning, as well as of philosophical investigation.

My object, in the present essay, is less to refute, than fairly to state, the system of materialism; convinced as I am, that honest scepticism, in this, as in every other case, arises from the misapprehension of the question in dispute.

Our only notion of matter, is that of a collection of qualities;—our only notion of mind, that of a succession of states. Qualities are, in short, in both cases, the only objects of our knowledge. It is really trifling, in an argument like the present to tell us, that qualities, now unknown, may exist in union with the known qualities of matter, or with the known properties of mind; and that these qualities, both matter and mind may possess in common.

The total irrelevancy of such a line of argument will appear, if we remember, that the terms *matter* and *mind* are only used to represent certain combinations of qualities; and that it is absurd to suppose we employ terms to designate qualities, with the existence of

which we are unacquainted. If those unknown qualities, which are supposed to exist in union with the known qualities of matter and mind, were revealed to us; terms might, and doubtless, would be employed to designate these new collections of properties. Till then, however, when we assert any thing to be material, we assert, in other words, that it possesses those known generic qualities, to the union of which we have given the name *matter*; and when we denominate any other thing immaterial, we only, in effect, say, that among its known properties, those qualities, the union of which constitutes what we call matter, are not to be found. If matter or mind shall appear to have any other generic qualities, besides those with which we are at present acquainted, they will no longer be *mind* and *matter*;—that is to say, they will no longer be those combinations of properties, to which those terms were appropriated; but novel combinations of qualities, to which those terms *never were* appropriated.

The question, therefore, divested of much

of its complexity, resolves itself into a form comparatively simple. We do not inquire, whether mind and matter are in substance *one;*—that is, in more intelligible language, whether the cause of the union of properties be, in both cases, the same. Nor do we endeavour to ascertain the existence of some unknown common property, in union with those collections of known properties, to which the names *mind* and *matter* have been assigned. Our only question is, whether, among those connected properties, to which we give the generic appellation of mind; those properties to which, existing in a state of union, we give the appellation of matter, are to be found. If the reply be in the negative, then are we justified in decidedly pronouncing the soul immaterial—that is—in decidedly asserting, that the known qualities to which—and to which alone, we give the name of matter, do not constitute or form part of that number of known properties, to which, and to which alone, we give the name of mind.

Before we proceed any farther, however, a

question of considerable delicacy presents itself.—What is that combination of qualities which we intend to denote, when we use the word *matter*? It is not, however, necessary for us to be very particular in our enumeration, because, if we can prove that any one of the qualities of matter is not possessed by mind; we shall have proved the latter to be a collection of qualities different from the former; and shall, therefore, as we have before shown, have a right to conclude that it is immaterial. I do not, indeed, wish to have recourse to a defective enumeration: I only mean to apologise for the want of extreme accuracy, should that want be found to exist. A late celebrated professor* of a sister University, defines our notion of matter to consist of the ideas of "outness, extension, and resistance;" or, as he has more fully explained his meaning, "matter is that which is without us—which has parts—which resists our efforts to compress it." If the first of these be one of the essential qualities of matter, the question is

* See Dr. Brown's Physiology of the Mind, § II. Chap. v. pages 106, 110.

at once and for ever set at rest. That it is so, an analysis of the process by which our notions of externality are acquired, would, perhaps, lead us to imagine. As I do not, however, wish to ground my argument on what may by some be considered a *petitio principii*, I will endeavour to select a definition, or more properly, an enumeration, which, if less comprehensive, is, perhaps, less exposed to the objections of our opponents. The essential qualities of matter, then, I conceive to be *solidity*, and *extension*; and I attach to these terms the same meaning which was attached to them by the metaphysician to whom we have just referred. If any man, who calls himself a materialist, doubt the propriety of this enumeration, and assert of either of these qualities, that its existence is not, according to his ideas, essential to the existence of matter,—I have only to say, that my controversy is not with him—that, as he and I attach different meanings to the term, matter, so do we, of consequence, to the term, materialism; and that every argument must, therefore, in such a case, resolve itself into a mere logomachy.

The only idea we affix to the term *mind* is that of a variety of feelings or succession of states, which follow each other according to fixed laws, and which we, therefore, consider as reciprocally causes and effects. The materialist, therefore, before he can carry the point at which he is aiming, must show these feelings or states to be possessed of solidity and extension. The materialist, therefore, *must* be understood to assert, *that ideas and emotions* have parts, and are capable of resisting our efforts to compress them. If the man, who professes materialism, only intend that ideas and emotions ARISE from material changes, he in fact gives up the very point for which he affects to be contending. If our only notion of mind be that of a succession of states,—in other words, of ideas and emotions; and if these ideas and emotions, though, in some way, dependent on a material process, be themselves entirely distinct from the matter employed in that process, and from any other matter whatsoever;—then *mind* has nothing in common with matter—*the soul is immaterial.*

The materialist is, therefore, I think, reduced to this alternative: he either believes that the material process produces something else material; and that this something is an idea or emotion;—or he believes that the process—that is, the movement of organized matter—is *itself* an idea or emotion. In the first case, he must have persuaded himself that when, for instance, he receives a blow, the pain he feels is an extended and solid substance, which, however subtle a fluid it may be, might, if we had instruments sufficiently fine for the purpose, be detected, measured and divided. In the second, that the arrangement of the parts of a nerve is pain, or pleasure, fancy, or reasoning, emotion or thought—that sensation is nothing more than an alteration produced in the relative position of certain particles, in certain situations; and not that all the phenomena of mind are the results of bodily organization; but that they form a part of the bodily organization itself.

Now, if I am asked, why all this may not be so?—I am not, perhaps, able to demonstrate

any impossibility in the case. To me, however, these propositions look, I confess, like contradictions in terms; and their converse appears to resemble those primary truths which are not susceptible of proof, because too self-evident to need it. All who call themselves materialists do not, perhaps, support either of these propositions; and we shall, indeed, before we conclude, have to notice some opinions apparently dissimilar from those to which we have adverted, and yet embraced by, perhaps, the majority of those who profess to dissent from the view we take on the subject now under consideration. To these propositions, however, the consistent materialist will, I think, find that his system inevitably conducts him; and if he is startled at their boldness, he has good reason to suspect, that he is yet what the world thinks him, and what he has been pleased to denominate himself.

Let us, however, examine these opinions a little more closely, for the purpose of ascertaining in how far they are consistent with our notions, I say not, of verisimilitude, but of possibility.

It will be, I presume, admitted, that we have no ideas, except those which we acquire by means of sensation or reflection. It will also, I presume, be admitted, that all our knowledge of the qualities of matter is gained in the former way; and all our acquaintance with the states of mind, in the latter. The only correct idea we can attach to solidity, to extension, or to any quality whatever, is that which regards it, as a power possessed by matter, in consequence of which it is able to produce a certain change in the state of our mind—or, more correctly, perhaps, as a law of reciprocal influence, in consequence of which the percipient being is affected in certain ways, when it is placed in certain relative situations with regard to material substances. Now, if thought be not an object of sensation, and, therefore, have not the power of producing those feelings which *are* produced by the qualities called *solidity* and *extension;* then, surely, thought is neither solid nor extended; since to be solid and extended, is nothing more than to be fitted to produce these sensations. Whoever, then, asserts, that thought is solid

and extended, in fact asserts, that it is *merely* a power of producing, in a percipient being, the sensations of solidity and extension. Such sensations would, on this hypothesis, be only the same power communicated to another being; and so on, *in infinitum.* As this is absurd, and more than the wildest materialist would assert, we conclude, that thought is something entirely distinct from such power or capability; and, therefore, perfectly distinct from solidity, extension, or any quality of matter. If thought be not something more than a solid, extended substance, then follows the absurdity to which we have alluded—if it be something more than the power of producing sensations in a percipient being, then it is a SOMETHING totally different from any quality of matter; because a quality of matter, *is only that very power from which thought is affirmed to be so completely distinct.* The moderate materialist will, therefore, perhaps, content himself with a modified statement—only asserting, that thought is a property of an organized substance, which organized substance has also the qualities of solidity and ex-

tension belonging to it; and not that thought is itself solid or extended;—an opinion formed, I imagine, on some analogy, falsely supposed to exist, between thought, and what a logician would call a secondary, or rather, perhaps, an accidental, quality of matter. With this concession we ought, perhaps, to rest satisfied: for if we have shown thought to be neither solid nor extended, we have proved exactly that which we intended to establish. If those successive states, to which we give the denomination, mind, be not themselves solid nor extended, then mind is not material.

Let us, however, for a moment, consider the modified materialism, if indeed it be materialism at all. I remarked, in the early part of this essay, that we know nothing of substance; and that the only information we possess relates to qualities, whether of mind or matter. Still, although the poverty of language obliges us to have recourse to the phraseology—let it never be forgotten, that quality or property of mind is, in its nature, essentially distinct from a quality or property of matter.

A quality of matter is—as has been before remarked—nothing more than a law, in consequence of which, matter produces, under certain circumstances, certain changes in a percipient being. But what is a quality—a property—a state—or whatever you choose to denominate it—of this percipient himself? It is not, surely, a power of producing a change in another percipient being; since such a supposition would, as we have already seen, involve us in endless absurdity. And, therefore, the properties of mind have no analogy whatever to the qualities of matter. Consequently, thought can in no way answer to our idea of a quality of matter. The only notions we affix to the term matter are, we have seen, those of certain qualities in a state of union. Therefore thought can in no way answer to our idea of matter. Thought is not material. The same reasoning will apply to emotion, and all the other phenomena of mind. Our notion of mind extends no farther than our acquaintance with these phenomena. Therefore, we may safely pronounce the human soul IMMATERIAL.

IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

While human inquiries are not unfrequently directed to subjects, the discussion of which, gratifying as it is to curiosity, has little immediate relation to the interests of the species; there are other topics on which the mind of man is employed, which not only present a boundless field of speculation, but which are connected with all his highest hopes, his purest enjoyments, and his most animating prospects. Of the latter description is that now under consideration. The doctrine of immortality, so far from being a mere speculation destitute of any practical result;—administers relief to those who are laboring under misfortune; suggests admonitions to such as would otherwise be inordinately elated with prosperity; and affords, if not the only, yet the strongest, inducement to practise those numerous virtues, of which the present reward is, at best, uncertain and obscure.

Among the many arguments which are adduced to prove the truth of this important doctrine, none has appeared to me more forcible than that which is drawn from the perpetual progress of the human mind in moral and intellectual improvement. This has appeared to me to involve some very striking *analogies*, in addition to the argument which is ordinarily drawn from it. But without, at this time, particularly noticing this view of the subject, we proceed to state that argument, with as much candor as we may.

Man is evidently made for improvement. Not only is he brought into this world, susceptible of that improvement, but totally unfit to guide himself through life, to escape the dangers which beset his path, or even to acquire the most ordinary means of subsistence, until these capacities have been, to a certain degree, developed. If any limit, however, were set to the progress of this improvement; if it ceased, whenever the character was sufficiently matured to afford security against the miseries attendant upon unassisted helpless-

ness; little distinction would be found to exist between the human constitution and that of the inferior animals. This is not, however, the case. There is no assignable limit to the progress of mind. While every generation lays up a store of intellectual riches for men of the succeeding periods—each individual is able constantly, and indefinitely, to grow in all those qualities which ennoble humanity. No sooner is an eminence attained, than an expanse never before conceived of, is laid open; while new and superior heights appear in the distance. These too are gradually climbed, and still more unbounded prospects presented to the astonished eye.

If a traveller were sent by some superior on a journey of importance; if, from time to time, looking around him, he could perceive no boundary to his progress;—if illimitable views were then stretched out before him;—and if, at every step of his road, he became more fully convinced that what he had traversed was a very minute portion compared with what remained unexplored;—should we not

deem him more than commonly unwise, were he to conclude, that, because he happened to have passed the frontier of his native province, his travels were at an end? And in what respect does he behave more reasonably, who, finding himself placed in a world where every thing calls him to exertion,—where well-directed exertion is uniformly followed by amelioration, and where the extent of this amelioration is wholly indefinite—fancies that all hope of future advancement is for ever cut off, and that the very possibility of effecting it is entirely precluded by an event which has not, as far as we know, any *natural*, but which certainly has no *necessary*, connexion with the annihilation of the thinking principle? There is, however, one point of view in which the analogy between this traveller and the human soul, to a great degree, fails. The former will gradually yield to the asperities of the road: difficulties will leave him exhausted and spiritless: and violent efforts, often repeated, will render farther exertion an impossibility. The soul, on the contrary, derives fresh vigor from every struggle;

and not only finds her own powers considerably augmented by the severe, though salutary discipline,—but is able to lay under contribution all that she has already subdued, for the purpose of effecting new and superior conquests.

We come now to notice that analogy to which we referred in the earlier part of this essay. The progress of the human mind towards improvement is the consequence, partly, of our own exertions, and, partly, of the constitution of nature. The infant is brought into the world wholly destitute of ideas, and destined to acquire, by means of sensation, those materials on which its intellectual powers are afterwards to be employed. Much now depends on the exertions of the infant mind: but something still is left to the operations of nature—rather, to the direct influence of nature's God. It is the child's to observe; but it is His to facilitate its means, and to improve its instruments of observation. As the sphere, then, of observation is enlarged, and as the mind becomes more capable of employing the corporeal organs,

those organs are developed and rendered increasingly perfect, till they at last acquire their highest state of existence. Long, however, after this has taken place, the mind continues to go forward to a superior state of knowledge and enjoyment. Death at last takes place. But as every change in the structure of the body has hitherto facilitated the employment of the intellectual powers; and as, at any rate, the exceptions are, for the most part, anomalous, and traceable to some particular cause, so as scarcely to form exceptions to the admission of that general rule to which they seem to be opposed—is it not rational to suppose that the last and greatest corporeal change conduces to the same design with all the rest; and is also intended to promote intellectual, and moral improvement?

Another, and, perhaps, a more striking analogy may be not altogether fanciful. Nature evidently intended us for progressive improvement. Yet it is a singular fact that her laws are so constituted as to co-operate with the exertions of the individual, and to modify

his corporeal structure, so that every change effected in it shall, by a kind of re-action, tend to corroborate the character which that individual has previously formed. Thus, the man who gives way to vicious indulgence, not only debauches his principles, and adds to the already superabounding depravity of his heart; but produces such an effect on the organization of his body as to render abstinence in future comparatively painful. For the illustration of this remark, I need only refer to the vice of drunkenness; and every man's recollection will furnish him with analogous cases. Whereas the virtuous man does, by a course of self-denial, not only fortify the principles of his soul, but affect the organization of his body; so that to the charms of vicious indulgence he becomes comparatively insensible. Thus, a man perfectly sober—accustomed, I mean, to nothing stronger than water—is not only averse from the brutality of drunkenness; but is disgusted at the smell and taste of spirituous liquors. Is it, then, probable that the greatest of all corporeal changes is regu-
[illegible]ed by a law entirely different from that

which we see in constant operation? Is it not, at least, equally probable, that as every change which vice has effected in the organized structure of the human frame, has tended to increase the propensity toward, and,—contradictory as the sentiment may at first appear—to diminish the pleasures attendant on unlawful indulgence;*—so the last change, which is, in many cases, the result of this very indulgence, will still fatally co-operate with the conduct of the individual who is its subject, and, in some way or other, tend to complete at once the deterioration of his character and the misery of his condition?

Is it not still more consonant with reason, and agreeable to the general results of observation, to imagine that an effect diametrically opposite, will be produced on a good man by this great change? *His* whole conduct tends, as we have seen, not only to fortify his prin-

* For this, I find I have D. Stewart's authority; (See Elements of Philosophy, Chap. VII. Sect. 5. p. 524. sixth edit.) and also Dr. Butler's; (See page 122, third edition; or note U to D. Stewart's first volume.)

ciples against the allurements of sense, but literally to diminish the force of these allurements by the effect which unvaried temperance produces on the bodily structure. Now, the changes produced by advancing age are generally calculated rather to accelerate than to retard this progress, and to abstract the soul more and more completely from the enchanting fascinations of sensuality. Death is the greatest change advancing life can bring with it. Is it not, then, probable that the effect of this last change is the same with that of each of those by which it has been preceded;—that it is only another instance in which the laws of nature co-operate with the exertions of the individual, to produce one result;—and that as every minor change has tended to emancipate the good man from the tyranny of passion; so this last and greatest change will complete his emancipation;—crown, with ultimate and perfect success, the efforts he has made in the cause of virtue; and concur with his own previous endeavours to promote his lasting happiness?

PROVIDENCE.*

" ——————— Stant adamantinis
Decreta cœli fixa vinclis,
Nec dubio labefacta casu,
Nec fracta vi, nec temporis invidis
Oblivioni obnoxia dentibus.
. . . . . .
. . . . . .
Æterne rerum Conditor, omnia
Consulta cujus, factaque, sanctitas
Illustrat: haud quicquam tibi ingens
Orbis habet, simile, aut secundum !"

Psm. lxxvii. *Buchanan.*

And would'st thou, vain, presumptuous, feeble man,
Th' eternal counsels of the Almighty scan;—
With the short line of human reason, try
To fathom the abyss of Deity;—
Boast of thy wisdom's mean, contracted store,
And disbelieve, when most thou should'st adore?

* As it is almost impossible to be controversial in rhyme, I have taken the liberty to write on this subject; conceiving myself justified by the well-known maxim, " *Cessante causa, cessat etiam lex.*"

Yet if some gleams of heavenly light are seen,
Piercing the gloomy clouds that roll between,
Ah! let us catch the soul-enlivening ray,
As the first dawning of immortal day.
The more we see—with deeper reverence bend,
Till faith in sight—till doubt in knowledge end;
And all that now perplexes, quickly fly
Before the sunshine of Eternity!

Ere springing gladly from chaotic night,
Beam'd the first glow of new-created light;
Ere marshall'd stars, in brilliant order, shone,
Or seraphs bow'd before the Eternal Throne;
Ere peopled globes with happy myriads teemed;
Ere planets rolled, or distant systems gleamed;
Then in itself the uncreated mind—
Ocean of love, and mercy, unconfin'd—
In wisdom laid the universal plan,
Ere sin or grief, or worlds, or time began.
Then did He see whatever since hath been,
Each mighty movement of the vast machine;
How, ever burning with seraphic love,
Should sinless angels sing his praise above;
How, through their hosts, the tide of bliss should roll,
Large and immortal as the deathless soul;
How each for ever undisturb'd should shine
and more bright, divine and more divine;—
their dazzled eyes, th' unbounded view

Be as unbounded, as when life was new;
And still the matchless glory they adore
More bright, but not less distant, than before.
Then did He see that man's perverted will
Would start from good, and madly seek for ill;
That from this spring would bitter waters flow,
And nature's laws produce the rebels' wo.
Then He beheld, in all their direful forms,
Disease's tortures, and misfortune's storms;—
Saw, from the gloom, how radiant morn should spring,
Diffusing fragrance from her golden wing—
Then, Alchemist Divine, decreed to show,
From chaos, order; happiness from wo;
And make each small event in nature tend
Thus to educe the universal end.

And when the universe in order stood,
And all alike was fair, and all was good—
Each various cause within his knowledge plac'd—
Each late effect, in one wide view, embrac'd—
The future evil which should surely flow
From these arrangements, He alone could know:
And all the greater good which thence should rise,
And compensate the partial sacrifice,
He sees as clearly, while our sorrowing eye
Drops the soft tear of grieved humanity;—

As when, at last, a smiling world shall raise
The grateful song of universal praise.

'Tis not for Him to change his vast design,
Alter, erase, dissolve, and re-combine,
Like some mistaken mechanist, whose skill
Amends defects, or adds improvements still;
Till the device—at first imperfect—shows
The marks of wisdom, as its beauty grows;
And each defect, in turn, expelled—the whole
Bears the full impress of the artist's soul.

From all eternity, the perfect plan
Existed, ere creation's work began;
Before the skies, in starry lustre, rose,
Where world on world, on system, system glows;
Before around the Mighty Maker threw
Yon heavenly mantle of ethereal blue;
Or bade, control'd by some mysterious force,
Each floating globe to hold its measur'd course.

And when His fiat made creation stand;
When all was form'd His glorious thoughts had
plann'd;
ALL He impress'd with fixed, unvarying laws,
how the wisdom of the great First Cause.
t are laws of nature? Do they bind
al purpose of th' Almighty Mind?

Say—What are laws of nature, but design—
Bright declarations of the will Divine?
What—but a proof that He, whose wisdom sees
Evil and good in all their nice degrees,
Determined thus His glories to display,
And always act in one—the wisest way.

Yet if the Omniscient, in his wisdom, saw,
When first that wisdom fram'd the general law,
That while this rule was fitted to control
The various movements of the mighty whole;
Good universal would, at times, demand
Some interposing and suspending hand—
Then—so th' Eternal would the system frame,
That, when that hour of mighty import came,
His word might stop the vast machine, or bend
Its springs innumerous t'ward some different end;
Yet each small link unbroken still remain,
And every wheel minute its place retain.
Not imperfection this—His general view
Embraced the law and its suspension too.
No wild caprice, or knowledge newly given
Can change th' eternal purposes of Heaven:
But when by general laws their course proceeds,
Or new arrangement to those laws succeeds;
Rule and exception in one end combine,
As different portions of the same design.

But should some frigid sceptic, therefore, dare
To doubt the all-prevailing power of prayer;
As if 'twere ours, with impious zeal, to try
To shake the purposes of Deity—
Pause, cold philosopher—nor snatch away
The last—the best—the wretched's surest—stay.
Look round on life, and trace its checkered plan,
The griefs, the joys, the hopes, the fears of man.
Tell me, if each deliverance, each success,
Each transient golden gleam of happiness,
Each palm that genius in the race acquires,
Each thrilling rapture virtuous pride inspires,—
Tell me, if each and all were not combined
In the great purpose of th' Eternal Mind.
Yet on the brow no laurelled crown would rest,
No swelling triumph rise in virtue's breast,
Had not the race been run, the contest fought,
The charms of vice despised, and purer pleasures sought.

Thus while we humbly own the vast decree
Formed in the bosom of Eternity;
And know all secondary causes tend
Each to contribute to one mighty end;
Yet while these causes firmly fixed remain;—
Links quite unbroken in the endless chain;
So that, could one be snapped, the whole must fail,
And wide confusion o'er the world prevail—

Why may not our petitions, which arise,
In humble adoration, to the skies,
Be fore-ordained the causes whence shall flow
Our purest pleasures in this vale of wo ?
Not that they move the purpose that hath stood,
By time unchanged, immeasurably good :
But that the event and prayer alike may be
United objects of the same decree.

When, fraught with mercy, Howard's generous hand
Diffused extensive blessings through the land ;
When, like some angel from the realms above,
He richly poured his overflowing love :—
By dread, disgust, and suffering unrepressed,
When rose the flame within his holy breast,
Shone through his life, in all his actions glowed,—
A gleam of heavenly lustre here bestowed—
Lit a late spark in sorrow's fading eyes,
And gave this earth one tint of Paradise—
All this was known to Him whom Howard served—
Whose love inspired him and whose vigor nerved,
All *had* been known in man's primæval joy ;
—No sin to taint—no danger to destroy—
And all was fore-ordained :—Yet had not zeal
Burned in his heart, and taught that heart to feel ;
Had not his open hand and bounteous store
The pris'ner ransomed, and relieved the poor ;

These pure and blest effects of generous worth
Had never warmed and vivified the earth.

Then why—when Howard fixed his soul above,
Communed with Him who is essential love;
Went to the fount of light—and thus supplied
His weaker torch from that resplendent tide;
And prayed that He who raised the noble fire,
His hopes would bless, and crown his best desire—
Why might not *this*, a necessary cause,
Fixed by unknown, but yet unchanging laws,
As much conduce to set the prisoner free,
And pour the flood of light and liberty;
As those exertions whence we all can trace
Blessings so numerous on our groaning race?*

* I find, in pencil mark, the following quotations (which show the estimation in which he was held by his most ingenious companions) written, it appears, by two of his fellow-students, who, in turn with others, read the poem at College—one of the writers, if I mistake not, is the author of a charming Latin elegy on the late Professor Young—which I have read, with great pleasure, and which, I think, gained a prize.

"A genius universal as his theme."—THOMSON.

"His years but young; but his experience old,
"His head unmellowed, but his judgment ripe."
SHAKESPEARE.

As the subjects of Necessity, Free-will, and other metaphysical questions were discussed in the Moral Philosophy Class, it was necessary that William—whatever side he adopted—should take a part in the controversy: and it will have been seen from the list of his essays already presented to the reader, that he wrote on several of them. His profound and habitual reverence for the Holy Scriptures, which—whatever befel the jarring speculations of philosophy—he knew to be "true altogether," would ever preserve him from admitting one metaphysical opinion, whose consequences, if fairly deduced, should, in his view, impugn either a doctrine or a precept of revelation. He was confident that, with whatever plausibility of reasoning or show of demonstration, such a speculation might be supported; there must be some radical error, if it was at variance with any unquestionable position of the word of God. He knew that as ALL TRUTH had "its seat in the bosom of God," and that as "her voice is the harmony of the world;"

genuine philosophy must arrive at similar conclusions with divine revelation, on all those questions to the discussion of which she is competent.* And on this principle, he deemed

* This is not the place to enter deeply into the questions, Do not metaphysicians too much take for granted that they *perfectly comprehend* what is included in the terms IMMUTABILITY, FOREKNOWLEDGE, IRREVERSIBLE DECREE, and some others, as applied to the ETERNAL GOD? And have not divines carried metaphysical subtleties into theological inquiries, and trammelled the freedom of scriptural language, till they have almost feared to quote even a text which has referred to the decrees of heaven, or to human duty, without some qualifying clause, in accordance with their own particular system, to guard against the doctrine of fate on one hand, or that of free-will on the other? Will not the honest and humble inquirer after truth, preach the scripture as he finds it,---persuaded that there must be some latent error in that scheme---(I will not call it---of doctrine,---but) of metaphysical speculation, which requires him constantly to guard, by his nicer discrimination, what he seems almost to consider the more loose and dangerous statements of "holy men of God, who spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost?" The acute and candid Dr. Copleston, in his late "Inquiry into Necessity and Predestination," has, for the purpose of weakening the Calvinistic argument from the doctrine of a particular providence, stated such views of providence as seem utterly at variance with those simple and cheering declarations of holy writ, given for the consolation of mankind, "The hairs of your head are all numbered; not a sparrow falleth to the ground without your Heavenly Father,"

it infidelity, scarcely disguised, to say, "This notion may be little accordant with some views of scripture; but we now treat only of *philosophical* truth."

&c.:—but yet, through one of those happy and amiable inconsistencies to which the greatest minds, when honestly in error, are subject, he supplies a principle of obviating difficulties which might, without impropriety, be recommended to his own mind, when attempting the *reductio ad absurdum*; and which I will here transcribe for the use of those juvenile readers, who have paid some attention to metaphysical subtleties: "If that God made every thing, knowing beforehand all that would come to pass, and all that men would do; be an undeniable truth;—if, nevertheless, he deals with man as if he were free to act, and rewards and punishes him according to this trial:—and we cannot *comprehend how* both these things should be true together, we can yet *believe* them both *to be* true, and so believing, we may well conclude, that many of our occasional reasonings concerning these things must be infected with the same apparent incongruity that strikes us in the annunciations of those first principles. We ought not to wonder at these difficulties; we ought rather to expect them. Strife must be endless, if we are not to rest, till they are all explained and harmonized: and error, not truth, will prevail, if either position be so established, as to exclude the other. Let us, however, carefully bear in mind, that these are not *contradictions*, but *apparent incongruities*—and the same answer which we give to those who press us with the main difficulty, must, in all reason be allowed to cover these also."

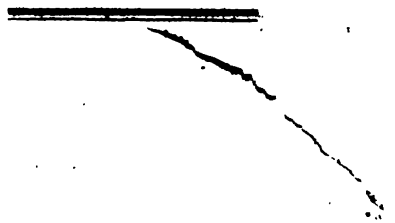
The duty of prayer* is not left as a doubtful question, to any man who receives the holy

* Ogden, in his "Discourses on Prayer," has treated the duty with considerable ability—and presented,—in his beautifully-simple language, and occasionally in a touching manner,—most of Bishop Butler's reasonings on this and some other momentous subjects. The celebrated Sir Thomas Browne, a man full of paradoxes, but profoundly learned, and very ingenious, says, in his "*Religio Medici*," "If there arise any doubts in my way, I defer them, till my better setled judgment, and more manly reason be able to resolve them; for I perceive every man's own reason is his best Œdipus, and will, upon a reasonable truce, find a way to loose those bonds wherewith the subtleties of error have enchained our more flexible and tender judgments. In philosophy, where truth seems double-faced, there is no man more paradoxical than myself; but in divinity, I loved to keep the road: ..... by this means I have no gap for heresie, schismes, or errors of which at present I hope I shall not injure truth to say, I have no taint or tincture. ..... I have always endeavoured to compose those feuds and angry dissensions between *affection*, *faith*, and *reason*. For there is in our souls a kind of triumvirate, or triple government of three competitors, which distract the peace of this our commonwealth, not less than did that other the state of Rome. As reason is a rebel unto faith, so passion unto reason: As the propositions of faith (may) seem absurd unto reason, so the theorems of reason unto passion, and both unto reason; yet a moderate and peaceable discretion may so state and order the matter, that they may be

scriptures as from God. Yet every one who has thought deeply on the subject, must have met with the metaphysical difficulty which my son here—I think, triumphantly—combats. He wrote to me on the occasion; and assured me, that he composed the poem, not as a mere trial of literary skill; but, on *principle*, in order—as far as his juvenile efforts might operate—to counteract what he found to be the actual consequences, though not the intended effects, of certain speculations to which the minds of his companions were directed. He possibly found that some, with whom he was in habits of literary intercourse had deduced, or were inclined to deduce, from their notion

all kings, and yet make but one monarchy, every one exercising his sovraignty and prerogative in a due time and place, according to the restraint and limit of circumstance. There are, as in philosophy, so in divinity, sturdy doubts and boisterous objections, wherewith the unhappiness of our knowledge too nearly acquainteth us. More of these no man hath known than myself, which I confess I conquered, not in a martial posture, but ON MY KNEES. For our endeavours are not only to combat with doubts, but always to dispute with the devil: *the villainy of that spirit takes a hint of infidelity from our studies.*"

of the *unalterable and necessary perfection of God's government*, a reason for the total neglect of prayer. Revelation, if its paramount authority were admitted, would instantly have decided the question: but,—as it was,—he reasoned on principles which those who differed from him admitted.



Few are the parents—especially among those that have, like myself, to mourn for an only child—who will not congratulate me on having to insert, in these memoirs, the following letter from Professor Mylne, under whom my beloved William spent his last entire session.

Glasgow College, Feb. 27, 1822.

My dear Sir,

I AM very much ashamed to think that, from various circumstances, which I need not detail, I have not yet been able to answer the request with which you honored me some time since; and I particularly regret that I have missed an opportunity of transmitting to Mr. Durant, in your packet to him of the 24th, my little contribution to the character of his late excellent son; I had gone to Edinburgh on Friday, and your note of Saturday did not reach me till my return home, late on the evening of the 24th. I do now very willingly engage in the office you have imposed

upon me. I regard it as no unpleasant office. —In giving my testimony to the worth and amiableness of your late lamented young friend, I am but giving language to the sentiments of esteem and affection which I felt for him while he lived, and which I now fondly cherish for his memory. Yet my testimony can be but brief and simple—suited to the acquaintance which I had with him; which was only of short standing,—and had never grown up into habits of ease and familiarity: probably, therefore, it will fall short of that juster idea of his worth which your intimate knowledge of him would impress upon you; and, of course, it will be still farther from approaching to that higher estimate of him which his father could not but form,—from those endearing intercourses of reciprocal confidence and affection, in which they had been accustomed to live.—I have only to state, in few words, the very sincere esteem in which I held him, and the grounds on which that esteem was rested.

. . . . . .

My acquaintance with W. F. Durant can-

not be said to have commenced before Nov. 1820, at which time he joined the Ethic class. Being then brought immediately under my observation as a student, I soon had abundant evidence how well he was entitled to his high reputation for talents and good conduct in all the preceding stages of his course of education in our University.—His uniform and exemplary attention to all the parts of his academical duties; the masterly appearances he made on all those occasions which gave opportunities for exerting and proving either his natural abilities, or his previous acquirements, or his literary industry; the unobtrusive modesty with which, on such occasions, his eminence was exhibited; or, rather, with which, without any effort on his part, it came into view; secured to him from the class an unanimous sentiment of esteem, combined with cordial affection. His class-fellows, the associates with him in study, the constant witnesses, and, therefore, the well qualified judges, of his merit, highly appreciated its superiority, and eagerly took every opportunity of doing it justice. The rank which they

assigned to him was among those of the very highest eminence in the class; and the prize which they adjudged to him, by their votes, corresponded to the high consideration in which they held him. It gives me great pleasure to say that, in these sentiments, and this decision of the Ethic students, that year, I most cordially concurred.

Of the various remarkable features in his mind, that which always struck me as most remarkable and characteristic, was the soundness and vigor of his judgment, to which, at so early a period of his life, he had arrived. Perhaps I may have noticed it the more, because it was brought before me on many occasions, and particularly by the exercises composed by him, and submitted to my examination. These exercises make part of the regular business in our Ethic class. They are written on subjects, moral or metaphysical, that either have been presented to the students, or, sometimes, that have been chosen by themselves; and, from the manner in which they are executed, a tolerably correct judg-

ment may be formed, not only of the attainments, the industry and ability of their authors, but, sometimes also, of their peculiar cast of mind, the general complexion and tendency of their intellectual constitution and habits. From many of these performances, put into my hands by Mr. Durant, I certainly formed a high idea both of his powers and of his principles. I thought I perceived in them, not those shining qualities only, which one is pleased, though not much surprised, to meet with in the young; but others also, more rare and enviable, which are thought to characterize minds happily formed at first, and brought to ripeness and solidity by advanced years, and by judicious culture and discipline. The clearness of his conceptions, the precision of his language, and the closeness and accuracy of his reasoning;—his candor in comparing and estimating different philosophical doctrines;—his caution in forming opinions;—his moderation and temper in stating and defending them;—and the mild, but decisive firmness with which he maintained them, when he felt their evidence to be satisfactory,

and their consequences important;—appeared to me clear indications of an intellect, which had not only been naturally endowed with great acuteness and perspicuity, but which also had already reached to no common degree of eminence in steadiness, coolness, mildness, and other qualities, which we scarcely expect to find except in those whose powers have been matured, whose principles have been fixed, by lives spent, not merely in the pursuits of science, but in the cultivation of practical wisdom.

I have chosen to confine myself to what seemed to me to be the most striking features in his character. His firm and manly way of thinking and feeling, so often brought under my notice in the exercises I have mentioned, was not less visible in other instances. It seemed to me to influence his whole conduct, and to throw around his behaviour and manner, at all times, an air of respectability and dignity. I leave it to those who knew him more intimately than I did, to speak of other excellent and amiable qualities of heart

and temper, which I have reason to know belonged to his character; but which I had little opportunity of observing. Since my connexion with this University, I know no instance of the death of a student, which has excited more general and deep regret, or which has more painfully disappointed the fond hopes of a life full of honor to the individual himself, of gratification to his friends, and of benefit to society.

Believe me to be, dear Sir,

Your's, most truly,

JAMES MYLNE.

To the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw.

His arrival last May, (1821) produced unmixed joy. To his aunt and father, at least, he was more lovely than ever; and, except that he seemed *improved* in every thing, he was unaltered. His afflicted relative was better, and we took a journey together, which, while it seemed greatly to strengthen her, in an equal degree delighted us. Towards the end of the summer, however, she faltered; but rallied again sufficiently to render his departure from us for Scotland less bitter than I feared it would have been—he *seemed*, at least, to think that he should see her again, and see her improved.

On his return to us, he paid increased attention to mathematics, &c. in order to prepare himself for the NATURAL PHILOSOPHY class, on which he was about to enter in the following session. He composed less in Latin; and in Greek he read (besides his constant and daily reading in the Greek Testament) only the Idylls of Theocritus, of whom he was un-

commonly fond. His chief employment was an essay of considerable length, "ON THE STANDARD OF TASTE," intended for a UNIVERSITY PRIZE. In this, he examined, with more than even his usual acuteness, the principles of Hume, Reid, Lord Kaimes, Burke, Blair, Stewart, Allison, and almost every writer of eminence, on the subject. Of the *success* of his labors, in comparison with those of his competitors, we can have no proof; for, as the essays were not to be given in till January, 1822, *his* could not, of course, take its chance. Of the *ability* displayed in it, there can be but one opinion.* He wrote also an excellent

* Though the Essay could not be presented for competition, both Dr. Wardlaw and I thought it not undesirable that a few of the professors, who knew and respected my son, should see it. In a letter, dated March 2, Dr. Wardlaw says, "I have this morning sent the exercise on Taste to Mr. Mylne, accompanied with an explanatory letter. It is one, I think, which will more than maintain (dear lamented youth!) the high reputation he had acquired. Alas! that that reputation should now attach to the memory only, instead of attending, as we fondly but vainly hoped, the living author, though an active, and brilliant and (what is best of all) useful career! The perusal of it has only served to awaken all my bitter, and, I had almost said, and I fear I might say, with too much truth, in-

translation of Cicero's fine oration, De Lege Manilia.

While at home, he read with great attention, and with almost unmixed pleasure, the four volumes of the late Dr. Brown on Mental Philosophy. We had contemplated something in reference to that work, for our employment during a part of next summer: but this, with many other of my fondest schemes, is perished for ever. He read also Locke; and his intention was, to finish, at least for the present, his metaphysical studies, by reading through Des Cartes and Malebranche at College. Steady to his purpose, he had, I found, begun the former author—how far he had proceeded, I know not,—when an end was put to all such pursuits.

On Thursday, 17th of October, he left us for Scotland. His health seemed as good as

fidel regrets. But, oh! if all were as clear to us, as it is to the Supreme Disposer himself, where would be the trial of faith, where the room for the exercise of trust? "Be still, and know that I am God."

usual; and if his spirits were less buoyant than on former occasions, I could attribute it to a suspicion, lurking in his mind, that his aunt was worse than he would acknowledge. He pursued and terminated his journey in health. There seemed, I thought, a want of that vivacity which had generally characterized his correspondence; but it was not such as to create the slightest alarm.

On his arrival at Glasgow, he entered the class of Dr. Meikleham, who has spoken in highly respectful terms of an introductory essay which William delivered. But as that gentleman has permitted me to print his letter, I will myself say nothing of two essays which I have found among my son's papers,—one, "On the course of study in the Natural Philosophy class," and another, "On Solidity."

College, Glasgow, Feb. 15, 1822.

The late William Friend Durant entered himself a student in my public class, on Friday, the 2d of November last. He was taken ill very soon after. My course commenced on Tuesday the 6th of November. Mr. Durant attended only a few days. My knowledge of him, therefore, from my own observation, must, of necessity, be very imperfect. At the same time, it so happens, that I had an opportunity of perceiving, that he promised to attain, in my department, to superior distinction. As soon as I had fairly commenced my course, and given some explanation of its object, and of the method to be followed in conducting it, I proposed to my students, when assembled, at the hour of examination, on Wednesday the 7th of November, that they should, each of them, write a short essay, containing some account of what they had heard in the lectures of Tuesday and Wednesday,—this essay to be read in the class on Friday. Mr. Durant's name was by the date

of his enrolment the fifth on my list. The four gentlemen whose names had been taken down prior to his, happened to be absent from the meeting of Friday, or to be unprepared. Mr. Durant was present; and very fully prepared. He was, thus accidentally, the first who read an essay in my class this session. His essay commanded the entire attention of his hearers. It was full, distinct, and perspicuous; and was heard, not only with pleasure, but also, I believe, with considerable benefit, by many of his fellow-students. To enable me to estimate, as soon as possible, the comparative merits of my students, I very generally, at the time of their earliest appearances, make some short note, whereby I may recal, in some degree, the impression made at the time on my mind. Accordingly, these stand in my roll, opposite to Mr. Durant's name, and referring to this essay, the words, *very superior*. By the end of the following week, I had occasion to remark some irregularity in Mr. Durant's attendance. He immediately waited upon me, and was much affected when he informed me, that

his mind had received a severe shock from hearing of the death of his aunt. I saw him no more.

WILLIAM MEIKLEHAM,
Professor of Natural Philosophy.

He entered at the same time under the Hebrew professor, and had just commenced his attendance, as he was taken ill. I had wished him to begin with me in the summer; but *I* had learned the language with points, and it was taught at Glasgow without points; and he had, besides, so much to do with mathematics and his essay, that he had no time for Hebrew. He entered also the extra class of Mr. Mylne, who delivers, once in two years, a course of lectures on political economy—a subject to which William had paid, both at home and at college, considerable attention from the age of thirteen or fourteen. He had read Malthus, Godwin, and some others; besides the masterly discussions of the subject in the Monthly, Eclectic, Quarterly and Edinburgh.

Reviews, for the last six years. Just after he was fifteen, he wrote on the poor laws a considerable tract, in which he had examined, with no small degree of ability, the principles of Malthus and his opponents. It now lies by me as a literary curiosity,"*

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* William was, upon the whole, a *Malthusian;* but he felt, in common with many others, that humanity could wish Mr. Malthus to be convicted of mistake. Few men, I believe, have ever found their benevolent and sympathetic affections much improved by a full belief of that gentleman's principle. But whatever becomes of the *principle* between him and his opponents, few will defend some of those harsh statements, on which Godwin has, with some effect, fixed the attention of readers. If Mr. Malthus, however, be destined to receive a defeat, it must be from a man of more caution—though few can be found of greater ability—than Mr. Godwin. My dear boy's tract begins, "It is deeply to be deplored, that the opposition which almost all new discoveries, and even the systematic arrangement and practical application of unquestionable, but comparatively dormant, principles have to encounter, frequently produces an unyielding strength and asperity of statement among their supporters, which is so repulsive as, at least, to delay, where it cannot totally prevent, the victory which truth is destined finally to obtain. Mr. Malthus and his followers are among the most recent and striking exemplifications

As we find, my dear son arrived, for the last time, at Glasgow, and just commencing those studies which would have completed his literary and philosophical course at the University, I may, before I touch on the events which terminated his short and brilliant career on earth; and which should most naturally close the narrative; take a brief review of him, either as he appears in these memoirs, or offers himself to my memory. Allowing for only the single exception, that his information became daily more extensive, and his powers of mind more matured, I might fix on any period from his seventh year; and it would describe his

of this unfortunate spirit. Provoked, rather than terrified, by those who have disputed the ground with them, they have adopted any thing but a conciliatory tone; and whenever they have applied their principles, they have generally taken care to do it in a way the most grating to the wounded feelings of their opponents; or, at least, have neglected those softening touches, those slight concessions, which, without materially injuring their cause, would have given much greater effect to their statements, and much less pain to their defeated antagonists."

character through life. He was no otherwise changed than as "he grew in stature and in wisdom."

He was of a ROBUST AND MOST MANLY FORM. Without being handsome, he was a youth that, by the firmness, the erectness, the *tout ensemble* of his appearance, would often strike the attention of strangers. He was rather indifferent to dress, hated the appearance of being finical; and at College, I understand, though never at home, was almost slovenly. But there was such a perfect vigor of make and movement about him; such power of exertion; that, to use his own language in reference to another,—

"Long unfatigued, he vigorous bounded on,
"Grace in each step, in every action shone;"*

such an expression of talent and sweetness, of simplicity and candor; that every person who saw and knew him, felt that he was one of the finest illustrations of the *sana mens in sano corpore*. One of our dearest friends,† address-

* The Wizard. † Mr. Bullar, of Southampton.

ing soon after his death, a number of young people, said, "One of the leading delusions of youth, is presumption on the length of life. Since, however, I last met you, a new instance has come to my knowledge, in my own immediate acquaintance, of the absolute vanity of confiding in the vigor of youth, in constitutional strength, and in all that seems to promise protracted length of days.—The son of a much-valued friend, approaching to manhood, favoured with a form the most athletic, and with health, that, from the days of infancy, never flagged or abated—blest too with talents of the highest order, cultivated with the most persevering diligence, graced with literary honors well earned—adorned with a child-like simplicity the most attractive, and with filial virtues that met and exceeded all the wishes of the * * * * of fathers—that son, of so many hopes and so many prayers—that beloved youth, to whom so many youths looked up with fond veneration, and loved for the engaging goodness that arrogated nothing to itself, nor ever gave pain to an inferior mind. * * * * If any might have been entitled to

presume on health and long life, *he* was of that number. If, too, we had looked out for one whose lengthened life seemed peculiarly desirable, that his fine talents might have given new energy to the noblest principles in a career of usefulness, *here* was a youth who seemed marked for such a purpose."—"Where," says Dr. Wardlaw, "among you all is a frame more robust, or a constitution more sound, or a look more full of health, than *his*, whom sudden disease has, in a few days, shaken to the dust?"

He possessed some rather striking PECULIARITIES, which often afforded us great entertainment, and sometimes produced no small vexation. In many of these, he exactly resembled his maternal grandfather, though he had never seen him, and though neither his mother nor his aunt had one of these characteristics. He was remarkably *unhandy*. I had bought him, when quite young, a chest of carpenter's tools, hoping that, in rainy weather, he might be able to amuse himself by mechanical contrivances. A companion of his,—

son of my highly-valued friend, the clergyman of Poole—had considerable dexterity, and used to help him in his carpentering; but he never could produce any thing which was not the most uncouth that human hands could well form. He was the most *unapt* of any person I have known, except his grandfather, *at finding things*. He has often gone to my desk for something lying upon it before his eyes, sought diligently for some minutes, and returned without finding it. I have accompanied him to the same place, and instantly pointed it out in the very spot to which I had directed him, and where he had before sought it in vain. He was remarkably *parsimonious in his personal expenditure*. I have known him, when a child, take out six-pence into the fair; pass an hour there, looking at the different stalls; and return with his money entire, saying, "I did not like to purchase toys, as they would do no good; and I'll thank you, mamma, to put the money away for me." It must not be inferred from this, that he was niggardly—his parsimony, which continued to the end of life, was wholly as it *regarded himself*. It was a

kind of constitutional prudence; which, however, he elevated, by christian principle, into a moral duty: for in writing to me once on the subject, he said, "This is, in my opinion, necessary to usefulness; for economy is the nurse of liberality." He cared not how much his aunt or his parents gave away; and, indeed, rejoiced in every act of their beneficence. He knew his dear, benevolent mother's maxim, approved of it, and thanked God that it was not a *mere* maxim in his family. She often said, "We have but one child—the trifle we possess will be his—and will it not be far more conducive to his happiness to leave the prayers of the needy and the blessing of God on that little, than, by our covetousness, to add a few hundreds or thousands to the sum?"—*He always acted towards others honorably and liberally*,—but never extravagantly; and though he had authority, while at College, to spend and draw for, what he pleased, he never expended one shilling on himself or his own gratification, that was not absolutely necessary.

His INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER is sufficiently shown in the extracts from his papers. But the rapidity of his acquisitions, the depth, compass, acuteness, brilliancy and retentiveness of his mind, are almost inconceivable. As an instance of his rapidity, I will mention a single fact. In consequence of having to write an essay on a particular subject, he deemed it necessary to read Smith's Theory of Moral Sentiments. This work, which consists of two respectable octavo volumes, he read, amidst his other engagements, in three days; and *so* read, as to be complete master of that author's views. He wrote an admirable piece, in which Smith's Theory was considered: nor had he, I believe, occasion to recur to that author again in any reference to his arguments. His mastery of Stewart, Reid, Locke and others, was equally rapid and complete. In metaphysical science he seems to have resembled Sir Isaac Newton in mathematics; who, it is said, merely *read* through Euclid, and perceived every demonstration as he passed along, without the labor of *working* the problems. Dr. Wardlaw, who knew the

results, rather than the exact processes of his inquiries, has, by his statement of those results, shown that his acquisitions, though the effect of intense labor, must have been rapid: for, considerable as were his advances while at College, he carried thither an immense share of knowledge, at the age of fifteen years and nine months. "Seldom," says he, "Seldom, if ever, have I known a young man possessed of a richer combination of excellencies. His reading had been far beyond his years, in kind, in variety, and in extent; but it had not been beyond his understanding. It was well remembered, well digested, and ready for application to use. He was distinguished by a general maturity of mind, which evinced itself upon all subjects; by penetration and comprehensiveness of thought, acuteness in reasoning, dexterity in detecting and exposing the fallacies and weak points of an argument; by richness of poetic imagination, chastened and regulated by a correct and classical taste; and by an uncommon command of appropriate and elegant language, displayed in his compositions, both in prose and verse, and in the facility and elo-

quence of oral communication—a command which was the result of the early and well-directed study of the most approved and standard writers."

He had ever been the companion of his aunt and his parents; entered, from his earliest years, into all our conversations; heard every thing we read together; and discussed what he pleased. This—circumstanced as we were—formed an essential part of our plan of education. He was, consequently, A KEEN DISPUTANT, though he never lost his temper in argument. There was a considerable playfulness of mind, even in his most serious reasonings; and a consciousness of his intellectual strength made him apparently easy in the most knotty questions to which he directed his attention. From the thrilling transactions of the world, he was, almost necessarily, A WARM POLITICIAN at seven; and I have known him, at that early age, burn with indignation, or burst into tears, when he thought the British name had been dishonored; or a state delinquent sheltered, by the power of party, from

deserved punishment. He became almost imperceptibly acquainted with the nature of different governments; and had, at the age of fourteen or fifteen, well studied that of his own country, in De Lolme, Hume, and others.

He was endued with AN UNCOMMON SHARE OF GOOD SENSE,—discerning and prudent beyond almost any person I ever knew. One interview with a stranger would generally enable him to form a just estimate of the character. *I* have often, in such cases, asked his opinion, and have never, that I recollect, found him mistaken; for subsequent acquaintanceship with the individual has confirmed the justness of his first conclusions respecting him. So deep was our conviction of his prudence, that in almost every thing of an important nature, we consulted him from the age of twelve. His reasons—often profound, almost ever just—ingeniously and forcibly stated, have frequently altered the determinations of my whole family council; and in no single instance have we eventually regretted that he was suffered to influence our decision. In

some cases, I believe, we *have* regretted that we had not acted according to his judgment.

His AFFECTION towards his parents and friends was TENDER AND ARDENT. He seemed ever to feel that he lived for *us*. Nothing ever charmed him so much as to be about our persons, and to minister to our pleasures. To accomplish this—play, dearly as he loved it—youthful companions—every thing—would he abandoned.

His DISPOSITION WAS REMARKABLY SWEET;—and in this, as in the powers of his mind, he was the very counterpart of his beloved mother. We went, from the beginning, upon the principle of never teasing him, or of suffering him to be teased. We had seen some children rendered incurably pettish, by being often thwarted and disappointed, in order to inure them to disappointment, and to improve their tempers!! The wisdom of such a procedure we left other parents to exemplify! Our plan was, ever to keep him in good humour. [illegible] will read this, who knew him from his

infancy to his death; and I may fearlessly state, before them, his claims to one of the most lovely dispositions they have ever known. He was three successive winters under the roof of Dr. Wardlaw,* who says, "With his high intellectual qualities, there were united an excellent natural temper, and dispositions singularly amiable. Always open and affable, he was equally distant from the extremes of levity and moroseness. All the while he was under my roof, I do not remember to have seen him once out of temper. If he ever was, he had the good sense and self-command to restrain its improper expression. He was the pleasantest of inmates: — temperate, regular, chaste, upright and faithful, ever ready to oblige, ever fearful of being troublesome, and thoroughly domestic in all his habits, he was a universal favourite in the family, with parents, and children and servants."

He HAD GREAT DELICACY OF SENTIMENT. Full of wit, with a boundless command of the ludicrous, and even of the sarcastic, he never

* Funeral Sermon.

made any man feel its sting except for arrogance, or licentiousness, or for both united. On one occasion, to chastise for a moral delinquency, he wrote, and I believe, sent, anonymously, to the individual for whom it was intended, a poem, which for severity of expression, has seldom been surpassed. I will not give a clue by which that individual shall be known; and, therefore, this statement of a fact can wound no one. "With these powers and capacities," says Dr. Wardlaw, "he associated an amazing PLAYFULNESS OF MIND, which highly enjoyed a little facetious pleasantry, and at times sparkled in genuine wit; which occasionally indulged itself in harmless satire, and good-humoured sophistry, and now and then frolicked, with the happiest effect, in the *jeux d'esprit* of sportive verse."*

He was the frequent companion of many who were very much his inferiors—yet IN NO

* I had thoughts of offering to the reader a few specimens of these from his letters; but a literary friend, to whom I communicated the design, answered in his pointed manner, "It's a feather;" William's just fame rests on a "*non usitata tenui penna.*"

SINGLE INSTANCE IN HIS LIFE, I BELIEVE, DID HE EVER INFLICT A WOUND, BY MAKING ANY OF THEM FEEL THAT HE THOUGHT HIMSELF THEIR SUPERIOR. He descended to all their little chat, their games, their gambols, and would, in an instant, turn from the discussion of the origin of evil, or of fate and free-will, to the whipping of a top, or the flying of a kite. Towards all his acquaintance, but especially towards his aunt and parents, his constant study was how to do the kindest things in the most delicate manner. And often have we appealed to him for decision in *our* manner of doing things; and in no instance repented of abiding by his advice.

His CHEERFULNESS was great and almost uninterrupted. Though endued with a heart of considerable sensibility, warmed with the most affectionate attachments; and possessed of an imagination teeming with the most exquisite associations of poetic thought; he had nothing morbid in his constitutional feelings. Except during his first month or two at College, in 1818, I never knew him cast down

for a day. Even in the loss of a mother, whom he almost idolized, there was nothing beyond the most manly and sacred grief: and he had then sufficient energy and spirits to become the supporter of his father and his aunt. We never had trifled with his feelings. We could not endure the infliction of an unnecessary pain, even in joke: for we were aware that good tempers are sometimes injured, and bad ones made worse, by those little vexations which either create or increase a feverish irritability of spirits, that frequently ends in deep and incurable gloom. His face, which spoke his heart, was the very index of content and happiness.

His CANDOUR was not the least striking feature of his character; and HIS LOVE OF TRUTH was so inflexible, that, I believe he never so much as *approached* towards a falsehood in his life. He had not the folly to throw open his heart to all men. He knew, from a child, almost all the secrets of our family, nor did we, except in cases of peculiar delicacy, wish him to be ignorant of them: but he never

even to his most favourite servant, disclosed a thought which we could wish him to conceal. He was remarkably reserved and cautious before strangers, and most prudently so, even with his more intimate acquaintance; but never did his tongue and heart disagree. All who *knew* him could rely on his perfect sincerity. I have never known an event in his history, which touched him so tenderly, as one which *seemed to imply* a doubt of his truth. On a memorable occasion, he had written to a gentleman, who had previously shown him much attention, and for whom he felt great respect, and almost a filial affection, disavowing an action charged upon him; which, without impeaching his integrity, reflected on his delicacy and prudence. An answer was returned, full of affectionate expressions, *but taking no notice of his avowal of innocence.* He wrote to me in the bitterest anguish, that, by that silence, the gentleman should imply a doubt of his honor. That silence was probably a mere oversight: for his learned correspondent did, I am confident, know him too well, really to suspect the truth of his assertion;

and certainly had too much affection for him to have intentionally inflicted a wound on a heart so candid, so tender, so christian. But if it were intentional, his FRIEND (for his previous and subsequent kindness justifies the employment of the term) was soon convinced that he had, for once, mistaken William's character; for he presently after treated him with marked and respectful attentions, and was among the first to bear an unsolicited testimony to the splendor of my son's talents, and to the virtues of his heart.

Much as he owed to the natural temper with which God had favoured him; to the eminently bright example and judicious instructions of his mother; as well as to the general plan of his education;—HIS MORAL VIRTUES, AND EVEN A LARGE PORTION OF HIS INTELLECTUAL ENDOWMENTS, ARE DISTINCTLY AND UNEQUIVOCALLY ASCRIBABLE, EITHER DIRECTLY OR INDIRECTLY, TO HIS PERSONAL RELIGION. Christianity presented to his mind an object of constant, unparalleled, infinite importance,—roused his understanding to its

utmost vigour of exertion;—awakened and kept alive all the best affections and holier tendencies of a renewed heart;—checked the intrusion of the baser passions, or kept them from gaining a malignant ascendancy;—taught him to feel responsible for his talents and advantages, and, on *principle*, to improve them with a view to future usefulness;—threw open, before his ardent mind, prospects more than commensurate with his unusually extended views;—and, by its displays of redeeming grace, through the great Mediator, made him ever feel that "God is Love." And, while such views, considered in all their truth and importance, offered to his understanding excitements, in comparison with which every branch of learning was insignificant; they gave to his powers that activity, which enabled him to gain a comparatively easy triumph over almost all difficulties, in every department of literature and science to which his attention was directed.

This RELIGIOUS PRINCIPLE caused him to do what he thought to be his duty, how little

soever his natural temper and taste inclined him to the performance. His favourite studies were, the CLASSICS; HISTORY, especially as exhibiting the effects of different political constitutions; and MENTAL PHILOSOPHY, in all its branches: but he knew that MATHEMATICS, which he detested, ought to be studied, and he set himself to the task, with a determination to excel. He says, in a letter written during his first session, and when about sixteen, "I have plenty of work cut out for the vacation—Algebra and Geometry, both of which I *hate*; but I have long learned to conquer likings and dislikings of this kind—two or three vacation exercises, I hope, besides reading the classics, and following out a course of study in preparation for the Logic class.—I am in great hopes that we shall have some *laborious* vacation exercises. There are only the mathematics I dread. I am sure my skull has not that bump; or bumps are deceitful." If he gained no particular distinction, he lost no part of his fame, with the mathematical class of last winter; and I have, it will have been seen, the authority of Dr. Meikleham, who was to have

conducted him through the higher branches of that science, in its application to natural philosophy, for saying, that William's commencing Essay in his class gave him promise of the highest honors. He acted from a sense of duty in this, as in other things; and as that sense of duty sprung from his christian principles, and was strengthened by them; it cannot be denied, that RELIGION contributed materially to form even his *mental* character. And how it affected his moral feelings, and his conduct in life, can be conjectured only by those who have themselves enjoyed; and, in an extensive circle of christian acquaintance, have seen, the full operation of divine principles. Religion cheered his soul in all its sorrows, and enabled him to "comfort us with the same comfort wherewith he himself was comforted of God."* Oh! how eloquently, sweetly and evangelically, has he dwelt with me, in our walks and rides, on some strikingly original thoughts on the blessedness of the righteous both on earth and in heaven,—especially in reference to one who was ever

* 2 Cor. i. 4.

a particle of gloom into his religion, rendered it deeply serious.

It will not be denied that, under God, he may have owed a large portion of his religion to early domestic instruction. And, unless we are to suppose that, on religious subjects, every man is to gain his knowledge by intuition, or by a miraculous inspiration from heaven, what can be more reasonable, than to expect that education, in this, as in other departments, should be the great means of illuminating and informing the mind? Were any man disposed to ascribe every thing truly virtuous and christian in the human character, to education, exclusive of a heavenly, however undefinable, influence; he is, if a professed believer in revelation, referred at once to the inspired record; or, if not a believer, to the evidence of facts. Or, should a man object to the *reasonableness* of religion, from the circumstance, that it may be so greatly and so generally ascribed to the instrumentality of early teachers, and to the formation of early

associations and habits,* I would refer him to a work, with which my dear son was in his

* For the sake of my youthful readers, I will transcribe, and recommend to their serious attention, the close of an ESSAY ON HABIT, written by William, when in the Moral Philosophy Class. "All these curious questions, however, sink into comparative unimportance, when we turn our eyes to the actual results, which arise from the operation of habit, whatever may be its exact nature. What is the wretch, sinking under the consequences of vicious gratification—diseased in body, but more diseased in mind—frequenting, with unwearied diligence, the haunts of dissipation, although his pursuit of pleasure end only in the bitterness of disappointment, or the loathing of disgust; and, with sedulous assiduity, endeavoring to secure those luxuries, the presence of which can no longer prevent uneasiness, although their absence would excite emotions nearly allied to agony? What is the old man, who, fondly and weakly clinging to a world he must so soon quit for ever—who, averting his eye from that unseen futurity, to which the voice of his God is about to summon him—and who, looking back, not with repentance, but with regret, on those vices in which he is still disposed, but not still able, to indulge,—drags into scenes of gaiety, for which the infirmities of age have totally unfitted him, a body worn down by disease, and impressed (so to speak) with the signet of death;—and thus vainly endeavors, by engaging in a round of what would once have been pleasures, to forget the grave that awaits him, and the tribunal at which he must so shortly appear? What are these wretched characters but fearful examples of the unconquerable force of HABIT?

last year most intimately acquainted ;* and to which, it will have been seen, his letters refer, in terms of high, if not unqualified admiration :—when the objector shall have refuted that book, we pledge ourselves to meet him on some other ground.

But great as was the influence of his education, and of the lovely associations of infancy

"And what is he, who, after having, in the strength of heavenly principle, resisted temptation, whether presented in the form of sarcastic severity, and acute ridicule, and violent opposition; or under the more alluring aspect of friendly invitation, and hearty conviviality, and fascinating amusement, and seductive pleasure—who, after having led a life of the most exalted virtue, and the most unimpeachable integrity—and who, after having practiced the strictest morality, till his perseverance has reduced to comparative powerlessness the attractions of vice—is about to leave a world, where he has little to regret, although much to enjoy—a world, where, among many avoidable and some inevitable evils, he sees, every here and there, the blessed effects of his own benevolent exertions—a world, of which he was, in life's meridian, the blessing; but on which his setting sun is shedding a still softer and purer radiance;—What is such a man but a fine example of the results which flow from virtuous HABITS?"

* Bishop Butler's Analogy.

and boyhood, HE WAS NO BELIEVER ON TRUST.* He examined and thought for himself; and though this has been referred to in an early part of his history, I must here repeat, that his religion was *most rational:* he had examined, by the most rigid processes of inquiry, every step of his way to the firm conviction that "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."† And such was the firmness of that conviction; such his perfect acquaintance with objections, and his mastery of the whole argument; and such his acuteness in discovering the fallacy of the most specious reasonings; that I would, without a moment's dread of consequences, have risked him at fifteen, with the most ingenious infidel in Europe. This state of mind too was

* He says, in an Essay on Superstition, written before he was thirteen, "It is not superstitious to receive religion with all its marvels; but it is superstitious to receive *even* religion without examination. This implicit belief in the common religion, because it is the common religion, has been the foundation of the temples of Venus and Bacchus; it has supported the papal throne, as well as the ridiculous doctrines of the Koran.

† 2 Pet. i. 21.

the result of education—yet of an education, which never blinked the difficulties attendant on the inquiry; but met them, in the confidence of the easy triumph which an honest regard to truth ensued.

Satisfied with its evidences, but not content to know that it came from God, he SEARCHED THE SCRIPTURE as for "hidden treasure." His opinions in religion were what are ordinarily termed evangelical—he was DECIDEDLY EVANGELICAL. On that profound subject, which has, in some of his modifications, divided the world in all ages and countries, but on which the humbly wise and good will agree to differ—a subject on which man *will* think, but to the comprehension of which the powers of man are unequal—on that subject, he firmly held the general opinions of moderate Calvinists, both as best agreeing with certain fixed principles of philosophy, and with the untortured language of scripture. He had thought, and could reason on this subject with uncommon acuteness; and would sometimes, with perfect ease, involve a bold disputant on either side,

in the inexplicable difficulties of the question. He felt almost a contempt for those dogmatists of any party, who talk loosely, ignorantly and confidently; and pretend that their opponents are either blind or disingenuous. Knowing the precise state of the question, and honestly taking his side, he never hesitated to avow his opinions, when they were called for: but, seeing all the difficulties which met an inquirer, in either path, he considered the adoption of a class of opinions opposite to his own as reflecting no disgrace upon either the head or the heart. And I need not say to those who know me, that—decidedly Calvinistic myself,—I accord perfectly with his views. He loved good men of every name; and considered that genuine religion consisted in the personal and powerful application of truths held in common by all real christians, rather than in the adoption of those peculiar opinions which distinguish any one denomination.

He had, from an early period, been accustomed to read some of the most serious, searching, and experimental writers—as Bax-

ter, Leighton, Jeremy Taylor, Saurin, and others, who lay open the heart, and show all the various exercises to which it is subject in the christian life. These were principally his Sunday reading; though, till after he went to College, he had not *much* leisure, having, from his eighth to his sixteenth year, been generally employed in teaching a Sunday School class. As narrative, however, has charms, which purely didactic performances do not possess, we put into his hands, and he read through, Milner's Church History, Middleton's Biographia Evangelica, (a heavy work, but containing much important information) and Burnet's History of the Reformation. These put him in possession of the controversies between the catholics and protestants; while Neale's History of the Puritans, Bogue and Bennet's History of Dissenters, and some other works of the kind, brought him acquainted with the grounds on which our nonconforming forefathers gave up their livings in the establishment, and founded those churches, to one of which he himself, not less conscientiously, than from early habit, belonged.

Accurate, however, and extensive as were his views of divine truth, he knew very soon that TO REST IN THAT KNOWLEDGE WOULD LEAVE HIM, AFTER ALL, DESTITUTE OF THAT GENUINE PERSONAL RELIGION, WITHOUT WHICH NO MAN CAN SEE GOD. He knew that christianity, if effectual to salvation, must have a renovating influence; elevating the principles, and purifying the affections of the soul, and regulating the conduct of life: and that which he *knew*, I trust he also *felt*. He did not, indeed, obtrude his feelings, by making his "*experience*" the topic of conversation; and, under professions of humility, directing the attention of mankind to himself;—he did not consider that that state of internal conflict to which the soul is subject; that those varieties of feeling which are peculiar to each individual; those sacred emotions of the heart which belong to the soul itself, and are fit only for the eye of God, and of the most intimate christian friend; should be thrown open by christians themselves to the gaze of the world. He had been taught to think and speak soberly of himself; to cherish, as the only means of

maintaining "the life of God in the soul," a spirit that would cultivate communion with God in secret; and to display, in something less equivocal than words which a hypocrite might utter, the fruits of his more retired exercises,—*in the avoidance of sin, and in the performance of every christian duty.* He was not only vexed to hear the cant of hypocrites; but I have known him more than once deeply grieved to hear those, whom he believed to be good men, expressing themselves in a tone of spirituality, and of abstractedness from the world, beyond what he *knew* to be consistent with their habitual temper and conduct. With those, who lived near to God, whose meekness, and gentleness, and goodness were exemplary,—whose hearts were evidently fixed on things above—he could sit with pleasure, "from early dawn to dewy eve," and hear *them* declare the things of God.

Dr. Wardlaw* says, "But high as this character is—excellent and engaging as this portrait appears—it is not yet finished. It wants

* Funeral Sermon.

a principal feature. Or rather, I should say, it wants that animating soul, that living and vivifying principle, that 'vital spark of heavenly flame,' which imparted to the whole at once its energy and its loveliness, its finest expression both of attractive grace, and of commanding dignity. I need hardly say, that I mean RELIGION. I have no hesitation in adding this to the intellectual and moral qualities that have already been enumerated. Yes: the splendor of science was, in him, united with the mild and holy radiance of sincere piety;—not the sentimental piety of poetry and romance, but the intelligent devotion of examined and settled principle. He was a firm believer in divine revelation: and his was not a mind that could ever be satisfied with a belief, resting on mere educational prejudice and prepossession. True—he had been brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord. He had seen religion under its most inviting aspects * * * * *: and why should not this have contributed to produce the early impression, and to settle the matured and permanent conviction of its reality and

its excellence? Such manifestations of its influence form a part of the legitimate and conclusive evidences of its truth. But his convictions did not rest on this ground alone. The truth of the gospel was a question, of which he felt the infinite importance, and which he was early encouraged to examine. He gave all his mind, with becoming seriousness, to the inquiry; he weighed proofs; he considered objections; he searched the scriptures—for himself. His faith was thus founded in evidence, and established by his own experience of the power of those motives to godliness, which the gospel presents to the mind. Amidst the temptations of youth, and especially the fascinating seductions of 'the honor that cometh from men,' he maintained a steady and dignified consistency; he was capable, I am well persuaded, of no unworthy compromise, of no timid sacrifice of principle, no self-interested or unmanly acquiescence in what he conceived to be erroneous in sentiment, or vicious in conduct. He did not obtrude his principles, but he never shrunk from their avowal. Those who knew him

best, his associates and competitors in study, will bear me witness, that he had nothing about him of the *cant* of religion. He made no high and forward pretensions; no effort to appear more than he actually was. He was serious on serious subjects, and would never bear to hear them treated with levity. But he was cheerful and open as the day. He entered, with a characteristic vivacity, into every thing connected with the business either of his class, or of the University. Whatever approached to hypocritical affectation or disingenuousness, he held in unqualified abhorrence; and on no subject was his abhorrence more indignant, than on the subject of religion, of which humble sincerity is the first and most essential attribute."

His genuine piety, his paramount regard to evangelical truth, made him one of the most candid of hearers, whether in private or in the house of God. He has often listened, with pleasure and profit, to men of the most humble talents, in whose statements he could instantly perceive a want of critical accuracy, or,

any thing like inconsequential reasoning: but where the preacher's manner was unaffected, and his aim obviously to do good, he never made more than a passing remark, in his kindest manner—*and that was kind, indeed*—rejoicing in the hope that good would be done by the exhibition of truth, on the whole, so just and so simple. Though he ardently loved those discourses which called his faculties into full action; he approved of none, how elaborate, profound, or eloquent soever, which did not show to man, his ruin as a sinner, and display the glories of Christ as the only and all-sufficient Saviour. He knew that there was no legitimate topic of pulpit discussion, which would not fairly admit the introduction of those cardinal truths of christianity; and he felt that ignorant and dying men were not treated kindly or justly, if the preacher did not at once fairly expose to them their danger, and direct them to the evangelical remedy. Of all preachers living, he admired and loved no one more than Dr. Wardlaw, whose evangelical style of preaching is well known, but whose delicacy I will not offend by saying,

while he lives, all that my dear son thought of him, as a philosopher, a christian, and a minister of religion.

This imperfect sketch of my dear son's character is recommended to the notice and general imitation of my youthful readers. They have already seen how RELIGION guided him in life: they will presently perceive what a calmness it gave to the hours that immediately preceded his death. Were I to address them from his grave, I could find no language so expressive of my own views,—none so much calculated to impress their minds, as that of Dr. Wardlaw, in the beautiful and impressive sermon, to which such frequent references have been already made.

"'"Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; and walk in the ways of thy heart, and in the sight of thine eyes:—but know thou, that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. Wherefore remove sorrow from thy heart, and put away evil from

thy flesh; for childhood and youth are vanity. Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, when thou shalt say, I have no pleasure in them."*

'There are present, I presume, not a few, who are pursuing the same course of study which our friend has so suddenly and prematurely closed; and some, it may be, of his intimate associates in that useful and honourable career—who admired his talents, who esteemed his virtues, who enjoyed his society, who valued his friendship,—and who now, in heaviness of spirit, miss him in the class-room, in the private walk, in the friendly party, and in the social discussions of philosophy and literature:—"the place that knew him knowing him no more."—To such let me say—Emulate his ardour in the acquisition of knowledge: imitate his constant attention to his studies, his industry and perseverance, his honour and openness and candour, his good-humour and kindness. But above all, allow me, with af-

* Eccles. xi. 9, 10. xii. 1.

fectionate earnestness, to beseech you,—follow him in his piety. You admired his talents: let his talents recommend the principles of his character. Let his learning bespeak a favourable regard to his religion. Let the sentiments which he entertained be counted worthy of your serious examination. Treat not with contempt or indifference what he held in high estimation. And let his testimony to the religion of the gospel come to your minds and hearts, with the solemn interest which ought to accompany the counsel of a dying friend.

'O recollect, from whom you have derived your powers, and by whom they are maintained in exercise. Remember that He who gave and who continues them, can, in a moment, by a single paralyzing touch, reduce them to utter impotence, and turn the thrillings of admiration, in the bosoms of all that know and love you, into the meltings of pity. Forget not, that the possession of superior powers and superior attainments involves in it a corresponding obligation and responsibility. Be not ye guilty of the ingratitude and infatuation

of prostituting and alienating them from their Author, and from the high purposes for which he has conferred them. Whatever may be the profession you choose for the occupation of your future life, whilst you sedulously apply your faculties to the fulfilment of its duties, O be not unmindful of the claims, the high, the paramount claims of him who gave you being, —who constituted your minds what they are, and gave you your opportunities for their improvement. Let all be sanctified by piety; all consecrated to God at the foot of the cross; all cordially inscribed with "HOLINESS UNTO THE LORD."—Let God himself be the object that supremely engages the powers of your understandings and the affections of your hearts. Forget not the Creator, whilst you explore his works. Let the philosophy both of mind and matter draw your souls, in devout adoration, to the Fountain of all existence.

"O beware of that strangest and falsest of all the associations of thought that have ever been formed in the human mind,—the asso-

ciation of *piety* with *weakness*.—Whatever is excellent and honourable you have been accustomed, and not without reason, to connect with eminence in mental qualifications, and with high attainments in useful learning:—nor would I quench, or even damp, I would rather stimulate your ardor. But why, O why is it that with piety should so frequently be associated the impression of imbecility, and a secret consciousness of shame and fear of avowal? There is a high-minded spirit of independence, that is, alas! too captivating to the youthful heart, and tempts it to throw off the restraints of religion, to disengage itself from vulgar shackles, —the shackles of weak and ordinary minds. But was ever conception more false? Was ever association of ideas more presumptuous? Was ever independence of spirit more miserably misnamed? Was ever feeling of shame more misplaced and groundless? Was ever shrinking timidity more basely dishonourable? —Piety weakness! O what must the infinite God, the great object of all the sentiments, and affections, and services of piety,—what must He think of such a connection of ideas

as this!—Piety weakness! It is the purest excellence, and the sublimest elevation,—the felicity alike and the glory of the most exalted of created natures. O, there is no illusion of the youthful mind, no one of the many spells by which it is fascinated and bewildered, that I should be more earnestly solicitous to break and to dissipate than this. Away with it from your minds! It is unworthy of a place in the bosom of any rational being. Let the example that is before you this evening contribute to satisfy you, that true religion, whilst it may, (blessed be God!) be the happy inmate of the weakest mind, does, at the same time, ennoble the loftiest and most powerful;—that though it can dwell in the most limited, it can fill the amplitude of the most capacious.'

His views, and his experience of the gospel, so happily calculated to accompany and guide him in all his path through life, and to comfort him amidst its inevitable trials;—did not fail to support him in the hour of his dissolution. That hour is past. And my hand almost refuses—my full heart and my weeping eyes, will scarcely permit my hand—to do its office—in detailing the circumstances just preceding, and immediately connected with, that awful and overwhelming event. * * *

When he left us in October last, his aunt was in no more than her usual state of weakness. I apprehended that she could not live through the winter: *she* felt an *assurance* of dying. But as both were unwilling to deepen the gloom which such a prospect produced, neither of us mentioned to the other the suspicion entertained; fondly hoping that each was ignorant of the danger which the other perceived. I found, after her death, that she had mentioned to a young friend her approaching end, but said, "I know how much my

beloved brother and nephew will feel it, and I will not distress them by expressing my opinion on the subject." Once, about six weeks before his departure, I tenderly hinted to my beloved child the fears I entertained. He felt the suggestion most exquisitely; and in a manner more hurried than I had ever witnessed, he said, "Oh! don't, my dear father! don't indulge such apprehensions! She has been weaker than she is now, and has recovered." This, I have reason to think, was said to cheer me;—was, at best, the expression of his wishes, rather than of his hopes. I never distressed him, by another reference to an event of whose rapid approach I felt a fixed assurance; but on which neither of us could dare to converse. On the morning that he left us, we tenderly embraced, and contrived to smile. My eye followed him till the coach vanished from my sight. My heart felt an unusual burden: for though I enjoyed the prospect of his return in the spring, there was a feebleness in the expectation for which I could not account; and a natural dread that, on returning, he would find no kind aunt to

welcome and embrace him with me. He arrived safely at Glasgow; and a letter, affording unspeakable delight, announced that event to us on the first sabbath of November. This, with the blest enjoyments of that holy day, produced in my mind a state of happiness which I never expect to find surpassed till I arrive in heaven. Was it graciously afforded, to fortify me for the scenes through which I had so soon to pass?

In less than a fortnight after his departure, my beloved sister was seized with pains in her head, unusually violent, which, proving to arise from hydrocephalus, terminated her life in less than a week. She was the sixth of our dear friends and relations who had died in a little more than twelve months. Left alone by her death, I felt inconceivably desolate; and, while I was receiving congratulations on her removal from this scene of constant suffering to a state of perfect bliss, my heart was—perhaps, selfishly—mourning that I had now no domestic companion that could weep or rejoice with me, no dear object on whom I

could expend my sympathy and attention. But I had yet a son, on whose continued life I might fairly calculate; and from whom I might expect all the gratification that talents, industry, affection, and christian worth could afford.

Here let me, for one moment, pause, to weep over the remains of a sister, whom, with only two exceptions, I loved, for twenty years, more dearly than any other human being. She was one of the very best persons I ever knew; and I bless God, that with no small share of the imperfections of our common nature about me, I yet contributed largely to her happiness for nearly the latter half of her life. I will here take the liberty of extracting from a periodical religious journal a part of her character there briefly delineated.—"Possessed of respectable talents, highly cultivated, and with a heart ever alive to the glory of God and the welfare of her fellow-creatures, she was admirably fitted to concur with her late sister in forming and maintaining those benevolent institutions which, it is hoped, will long to bless the places of their residence.

In 1807, she came with her venerable mother, to reside with Mr. and Mrs. Durant; and resumed in Poole the habits of activity by which she had been distinguished at Newbury. Seven years ago, however, it pleased God to visit her with an illness which continued, without a day's intermission, till her death. Though her weakness was always great, and her pains were often excessive, she never forgot the wants and woes of others. Her personal exertions were indeed limited, but she was still the centre and the soul of a large circle of operations. She suggested methods and supplied means, by which many others became, in some degree, capable of supplying her 'lack of service.' And it affords her surviving friends one of their richest consolations, that, through divine grace, she was disposed to devote so large a portion of her time and income to the noblest of purposes. In her healthier days, she was a diligent superintendant and teacher of the female Sunday School; and more than one of her scholars, on joining the church, ascribed their first and best religious impressions to her serious and

affectionate addresses when they were under her care. Yet, while almost prodigal of thought, time, health, and property, in the service of her fellow-creatures, she looked only to the grace of God, her Saviour, for acceptance and eternal life. It pleased her Heavenly Father to afford her, during her long and trying affliction, a calm, and even a cheerful, submission to his will. In her moments of exemption from extreme pain and lassitude, she was still capable of enjoying—and of enjoying intensely—the company of her endeared family and select christian friends. Nor was there, perhaps, a moment in which her mind was suffered to entertain a serious doubt of her interest in the blessings of the gospel. Her concluding struggle, though severe, was but short. She was at last confined to her bed, only four days. On the sabbath preceding her dissolution, she had the satisfaction of attending, though amidst weakness and pain, the communion of the Lord's Supper. Her faculties remained unimpaired to the last hour; and though the nature of her disease prevented much conversation, yet what she did say was

every thing that affection, and a soul fitted for union with the spirits of 'just men made perfect,' would dictate. About an hour before her decease, she gently withdrew her hand from that of an affectionate attendant, joined both her own hands, as if in the attitude of devotion, and calmly whispered, 'Precious Saviour! rich grace! glorious blessings!' May our life and latter end be like her's!"

Deep as was my sorrow for her death, and desolate as I now felt my condition to be, there were, as it respected her, many grounds of consolation, which, as the violence of my anguish subsided, presented themselves to my mind;—and while my understanding perceived their justness, my heart began to feel their force. I was regaining a portion of my usual cheerfulness, which would, I dreamed, have soon been complete, but that I thought of the sorrow of my son, for whom I now seemed almost entirely to live; and who would, I feared, indulge a tender, overwhelming and long-continued grief for his best and dearest female friend. And though, in general, I

certainly looked forward to his return next Spring with pain; yet I was able, at some seasons, calmly and comfortably to contemplate his stay under the parental roof for twelve or eighteen months before he should actually enter an Inn of Court; and had begun to plan a course of united study, for that anticipated time.

It was my anxious wish to break the news to him as delicately and gradually as possible. In a former letter, it had just been hinted that his aunt had a very bad pain in her head, which prevented her writing, as usual, on a part of the sheet. This, I thought, would just sufficiently awaken his fears, to prepare him for what might possibly—and for what did, in fact—happen. But as she was subject to the head-ache, he was not, it seems, at all alarmed. In order that the fatal intelligence might not come upon him too abruptly, I enclosed a letter (from which the following is an extract) for him to Dr. Wardlaw, whose gentleness of nature is well known; and who would, I was sure, do all that even parental tenderness could

dictate. William's keen eye instantly saw something which led him to anticipate the doctor's actual communication; and before his friend could well ask him, if he had lately heard from his father, he eagerly, and in evident anguish, exclaimed, "Is my aunt dead?"

Sabbath Morning.

"And now, my dearest, dearest, only earthly treasure, I proceed, as sighs and tears will allow me, to announce an event, which, I felt persuaded, at your departure, it would be the melancholy lot of some one to communicate before your return. As Dr. Wardlaw will have prepared you for the distressing intelligence, I need not keep you in suspense. Last night, about nine, your best and kindest of relatives took her flight from us to God. It has, indeed, been an agonizing week for me; but the bitterness is past. I have kissed the poor insensible clay, till I almost imagined she returned my embrace; but the illusion has vanished; and I feel myself indeed alone. Knowing how dearly you loved her, and were beloved—knowing that while *she*

lived, you were happy, my heart has bled more for you than even for myself. O God! grant that her death may never lead to consequences that shall affect the happiness of him for whom I should be contented to live in any condition—for whose good—dear as life still is—I should be contented to die at a stake!

"If, my dear, you should ask why I gave you no more specific account of her illness in my letter of last week, I will candidly tell you, it was to spare your feelings. She had a headache; which, in its first stages, resembled a complaint that some of your friends had had, and from which they had recovered. It was, indeed, alarming by the time I sent off the letter; but still the indications were not decisive. I thought it cruel to distress your mind by a thousand painful apprehensions, when she *might*, perhaps, by the time my letter should reach Glasgow, have been as well as usual. * * * * * * *

"It was not, of course, prudent to talk very much with her; but her conversation, when-

ever we did talk, was cheerful and calm, indicative of a heart at peace with God. She was peculiarly affectionate. There was one subject on which I scarcely felt myself at liberty to touch: I feared it would be too much for her; yet I did venture, on Friday morning, to *mention you*. I had just received a letter from Mr. James, expressing his regret at being from home when you passed through Birmingham; informing me that Dr. Wardlaw, whom he saw in London, had spoken very highly of you; and, at the same time, saying some kind things himself. This I mentioned to her, thinking it would gratify. She wiped the tears from her swimming eyes, with—"*Dear precious boy! Oh! how are we blessed in him!*"—You may suppose I often and affectionately visited her. Yesterday forenoon, she seemed so remarkably well, that I held a (comparatively) long conversation with her. I never knew her more collected; never more tenderly affectionate. She then mentioned you for the last time—"*Oh! my beloved brother! what a treasure God has given us in that dear boy—that dear boy—that dear boy!*"

He felt her death most keenly; yet sent off the following letter, in order certainly to ease my mind, by representing his own as more calm than, I fear, it really was. He made an effort; and, by that effort, he might have wrought himself into the momentary state of mind, which his language so sweetly breathes.

My dearest Father,

Thus far had I written* before the distressing news arrived which has produced a deep effect on my mind. I thought of burning what I had written, that I might not trouble you with any thing unharmonious with the general tone of our feelings. As it is, however, important, and I hope not written in a spirit which will distress you, or of which the dear deceased would have disapproved, I let it stand. I weep for my beloved aunt most sincerely. I feel her loss most deeply. But they are not tears of bitterness, or feelings of hopeless sorrow. That I might have been

* The letter, already transcribed in the first volume, respecting his prospects in life.

more kind and attentive I know;* but my conscience acquits me of having generally preferred my own will to her happiness; and I have the unspeakable consolation of knowing that I was, on the whole, made subservient to her enjoyments. As for herself, I can feel no sympathy, except the sympathy of joy—her afflictions exchanged for an exceeding weight of glory—her sickness, for that place where there is neither "sorrow, nor crying, nor any more pain"—her comparatively inefficient desires after usefulness, for exertion, itself happiness! It is only a selfish sorrow—a feeling that something is torn away, with which every dearer association is connected—and that the last of a family which was distinguished for

* This no one else knew: for never did a mother nurse, with more tenderness, or treat with more assiduous attentions, an only child, than he did his aunt. His conduct towards her was the admiration of all who knew us. And as this, and every other part of the memoir are written for many who are perfectly acquainted with us and our domestic transactions; it must, in common candor, be supposed, that I have not ventured to depict scenes of blissful peace in my family, or to portray characters, which so many have it in their power---if the picture be overcharged---to pronounce extravagant.

the best of nobility, is now gone to take possession of that "house not made with hands, eternal and on high,"—beyond the ken of mortals. It is for yourself I most deeply feel. The solitude of our house must indeed be gloomy. For the present you must have cousin Mary Anne, or somebody to stay with you. As for those more permanent family arrangements which the late mournful event renders necessary, my feelings are not at present such as to enable me to enter on the topic; nor are you, probably, in a fit state to receive my communications. I shall, however, soon take an opportunity of giving you my sentiments. I have the unspeakable happiness of *perfect confidence*, I feel that my interests are, in your hands, *perfectly safe*.

Ten thousand tender recollections present the image of our beloved relative in so many forms of mournful combination, that we cannot, perhaps, unfalteringly say, "Thy will be done." We can, however, now see that all t; and what we now see, we shall ble to feel. When my dear and re-

vered mother was snatched away, it was from the midst of a life then in its meridian, and affording, to the very last, hopes of future vigor. My dear aunt, however,—although useless she could not be—had been for years trammelled by weakness and disease—her constitution had long appeared to be without all power of renovation, and she seemed to be spared only to contribute to our good. All her weakness, pain and sorrow, are now exchanged for immortal vigor and eternal joy. Surely, then, she has gained more—infinitely more—than we have lost. And although to weep is unavoidable—to repine is unchristian, and almost unkind. My feelings, on this occasion, are, indeed, of a peculiar order,—sorrow for *our loss*, satisfaction in *her gain*. We know that, whenever a christian friend expires, an infinitely blessed exchange has been made. But when that friend has left health, comfort, and the endearments of a numerous family behind, imagination cannot present a picture of unseen realities sufficiently vivid to illumine the darker hues which are immediately around us. In the present case, how-

ever, if we can but for a moment lay aside the feelings of *immediate mourners*, what is there in her past, to compare with her present, enjoyments? She appears to have held fast hold of the consolations of the gospel, when the deepest waters of Jordan were rolling round her: but, oh! if her *death* had been all dark and stormy,—her *life* would have given bright promise of eternal calm. She was a woman of comparatively little religious conversation—but then her whole life was one bright commentary on the doctrine of the cross—sober, unfeigned piety. All these things aggravate our loss, but then they concur to give a brighter indication of her present happiness and glory. Oh! that I may be able to imitate those who are gone before me! Pray for me, as I know you do. I hope to regulate my conduct,—as they would have me to regulate it—as you now would wish to see it regulated. To this, however, I am wholly inadequate, without divine assistance. Oh! may that assistance be afforded! I cannot say that your last letter had prepared me for this; although for years I have never opened a letter without

deeming that such information *might* be contained in it. Friends here are all kindness.

Your affectionate, and,

he hopes, dutiful Son,

W. F. DURANT.

"He appears to have begun," soon after this, and "at the time when his own illness was coming on, to compose a hymn on her death. The two following verses were found in his desk, recently written on a slip of paper. The encroachments of his own disease prevented his either retouching them, or adding more. I give them in their first beautiful and touching simplicity. They shew the bearing of his mind, and might be appropriately inscribed on his own early tomb:—

Though to-night the seed be sown in gloom,
Amid darkness, (and) tears, and sorrow,
It shall spring from the tomb, in immortal bloom,
On the bright and glorious morrow.

The tears that we shed o'er holy dust
Are the tribute of human sadness:
But the grave holds in trust the remains of the just,
Till the day of eternal gladness."*

Before his letter arrived, I wrote to him again, immediately on returning from the funeral of his aunt: and I venture to give this epistle—though hastily written—both because he wrote an imperfect answer to it;—and as a fresh proof of our mutual confidence.

Poole, Saturday, Twelve o'clock.

My dearest, dearest Treasure,

I AM now, *indeed*, alone—literally alone—for your cousins and friends are gone away. To say, I am *unhappy*, would be wrong; for I really am not so; but I feel most deeply and tenderly—and the more so, from having just seen the coffin of your dear, dear mother. I have all the consolation, on this occasion, which the most affectionate sympathy of friends can afford—and, I hope, even better consolation still. My reason and my

* Funeral Sermon.

christian principles have come in to my aid; and I see how much mercy there has been, and still is, in the dispensation. That she was spared to provide for your last journey to Glasgow; and that there was such a temporary revival as to enable you to go off in comfort, are blessings not to be forgotten. And now, that I calmly look upon her past sufferings—and sufferings which she must still have endured, had she lived—I cannot indulge the selfishness of wishing her back. Yet, diseased as she was—full as she was of pain and lassitude—she did most materially contribute to our comfort. To *me*, in your absence, she was always an interesting object connected with my home—and to return, was always pleasant to me, as my presence ever afforded pleasure to her. Indeed, my dear, it is cause of unfeigned thankfulness, that, through the divine goodness, we were enabled so greatly to alleviate her sorrows, and to make existence,—afflicted as she was—still a desirable good to her. After shedding our tears over her, our great business is, to consider the right improvement of the event. Could your dear

mother and aunt now revisit and advise; I am sure they would enjoin upon us increased circumspection, devotedness and zeal. We have seen—alas! we *have* seen*—their distinguished excellencies. This fresh death has produced many a—"Ah! Poole has scarcely ever seen two such sisters! What institutions were there, when they came among us! And what institutions now among us did not owe their origin, or a large portion of their efficiency to them?"—This usefulness was not effected without considerable pecuniary sacrifices: but shall you or I complain that we have so much less, in consequence?

I intend to preach to-morrow morning and evening; and in the afternoon, I have numerous baptisms. My friends, who can little tell the real state of my mind,—wish me not to undertake so much; but the truth is, I *must* be engaged; I *must* have an object that will, of necessity, call off my attention. I mean to

* I alluded in this to the Roman use of the perfect tense, as "*vixerunt*," they *have* lived;—a delicate mode of announcing the death of their friends.

have no spare time; but to do as I did on your dear mother's removal. This, while calculated to do myself good, is, I am convinced, what the dear departed, if they could but communicate their wishes, would enjoin upon me. I am the last man to imagine, that the withdrawment of so much excellence from my family and my circle of useful friends, should induce me to slothfulness, and to the neglect of duties which I ought, under any circumstances, to discharge. I trust your dear mother's removal neither diminished my wish to do good, nor has, in fact, lessened my usefulness. May you, my dear William, become increasingly earnest in pursuing "the mark of the prize of your high calling!" Oh! with what different feelings should we lament ungodly,—or even inactive and useless friends! May *our* surviving friends have, at least, as much relief at our graves, as we have had at the graves of those over whom we now weep!

When your beloved mother left us, I instantly saw what your aunt must feel in the contemplation of a possible, and not impro-

bable event. As the feeling must have been a dreadful aggravation of her loss in dear Rebecca, I hastened, you may recollect, to assure her, on the morning after, that nothing but death should part us. It was ever after a consolation to me, that I had given her this prompt and quieting assurance. It is equally impossible but that some feeling, not altogether dissimilar, should, on the present occasion, arise in your mind. Let this, my beloved, satisfy you: *I will never move in any direction, without first consulting you, and never proceed a step without* YOUR CONCURRENCE. You know my integrity, and my affection for you too well to ask for any other pledge of my regard to your happiness. I have never found your opinion or advice wrong, on any question of prudence; and this, independently of my affection for you, and my general confidence in you, will induce me to consult you in every thing of importance. Lord Chatham wrote to his son William, "I know, at least, *one beardless man* at College." And I bless God that I know one man of *full understanding* and consummate prudence, under nineteen, at Glasgow.

May my future conduct prove me worthy of such a man for my son!"

To this letter, he had attempted, at the commencement of his illness, to prepare an answer. "It was written at intervals under oppressive languor, which, to all who know the nature of his distemper, even in its incipient stages, will at once account for the absence of that correct and easy elegance by which his compositions were usually characterized." A letter from Dr. Wardlaw shews why it was not sent. As the last thing he ever wrote, it possesses an interest which parents can, in some measure, understand. It will ever be preserved by me as a precious relic; though it is written with a confusedness and imperfection that renders it almost illegible.

My dearest, dearest Father,

Every loss I endure seems, by concentrating, to strengthen the affections; and, as my circle contracts, I fix myself more and more on you. You have my entire confidence and gratitude. My dear aunt had my

warmest affections. She, however, is gone; and, we may confidently add, gone to glory. Never-ending felicity will now attend her. Neither nights nor days of sorrow, but an eternal day of felicity and glory. This is, indeed, sufficient to dissipate the gloom of the separation, and to obliterate even from *our* minds those past sufferings, which have terminated in an exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Oh! may we be enabled—especially may *I* be enabled—for I know that *you* are pressing forward to the heavenly gate—may I be enabled to walk in the footsteps of the holy dead, and, not looking at the things of this life, to press towards those which are before, and thus to make my calling and election sure! What a blessing is it to look back on a life spent entirely in the service of God! Our dear friends have doubtless had the common failings of humanity; have needed the pardoning blood of Jesus; and have been saved by firm confidence in the great Mediator. Yet in the whole course of their lives, they at least sincerely professed the name of Jesus. We do not, I believe, know a single important action

in which they have deviated from the strait and narrow path. My dear aunt did not possess the very brilliant talents by which my beloved mother was so highly distinguished. She had, however, sound and vigorous sense, and a heart eminently devoted to her God. My mother and yourself excepted, there never was a human being for whom I felt so much tender affection as for her. She is gone, however, to her rest, and I would not recall her. To weep is inevitable: but we ought not to weep as those who are without hope. With regard to your generous declaration, I have only to say that I never will stand in the way of *your* happiness, which is synonymous with *my own*."—The very last sentence he wrote to me!!—And ever shall I reflect upon it, with that mournful pleasure which such a declaration, from one whose heart was all sincerity, is calculated, in my circumstances, to inspire! Our ardent affection was mutual; never had been, and if God had spared him, never, I trust, would have been, spoiled by a single suspicion!

There is reason now to believe, that the fatal and insidious disease which terminated his mortal existence, had commenced before he left home. He complained, I understand, of some peculiar, indescribable sensations in his head, during the whole of his journey from Poole to Birmingham. They continued, it is probable, afterwards: but, as they were unattended with pain, they appear to have excited no apprehensions; for he never mentioned them to his friends at Glasgow. Indeed, he spoke of them, at Birmingham, only in a jocular manner. But the shock produced by the intelligence of his aunt's death, gave a dreadful activity to the seeds of his disorder.

The fatal Tuesday (November 27) arrived, on which I had reason to expect my accustomed and cheering communication from Scotland. Once before—and only once—for the three preceding winters, a letter, from having been mis-sent, had come a day later than usual. I supposed it might have been so at this time; for his letter did not come. Little could I imagine that on that very day he left

me for ever? I had, on that day, written in anticipation of hearing from him; and commenced by saying, "I had expected to hear today from you. Perhaps, you misconceived the meaning of my request, and wait to hear again from me before you write: or you may have put your letter into the office on Friday;—and, the post not going as rapidly as I imagined, I may hear only by to-morrow. * * * Precious as a letter from you would be, I shall not distress myself. * * * I thank you, my love, for your affectionate and christian letter on the death of dear aunt; but, before I speak in reference to her, I will just answer, once for all, the former part of your epistle. Had not cousin John informed me of your intention, I should have been surprised at its contents. I cannot, to this moment, account for it. I had deemed it *so perfectly fixed that you were to go to the bar*, that I never expected to exchange with you a syllable more on the subject. Had you, voluntarily and on principle, chosen the ministry, I should have been unspeakably delighted: but, in default of this, I never contemplated any thing else than the bar. Let

us, therefore, consider this, as fixed—reserving, at *any* future time, the power of choosing the other profession, should you ever feel it your duty to preach the gospel. You cannot but know that there is one paramount desire of my heart—one continued, ardent prayer of my soul—that you may, through life, maintain a consistent, christian character; and that, after adorning—eminently adorning—'the gospel of God your Saviour in all things;' we may meet, in a better world; and form—with the dear departed saints, to whom we owe so much—portions of the whole family of heaven. I mean, God willing, to enter you in January, at an Inn of Court; to which you need not *actually* go for a year or two. This will be quite early enough; for I should wish you to pursue your *general* studies for some time longer. Lord Mansfield did not, I think, begin his *legal* studies till twenty-four or twenty-five. Sir William Jones even later. See—with all his legal lore and acumen—what a miserable figure poor Gifford cut, by the side of his really and *generally* learned antagonists, on the queen's trial! You know

Cicero's fine description of an orator—and how much, besides a knowledge of law and legal antiquities, he conceives necessary to complete one. I certainly wish you to excel—and, deducting the one-third, as you wish, I am sure that, with all the advantages you may yet enjoy, you have no bad chance of excelling. I trust that God will make you a blessing to the world. You will, then, I am sure, be as happy as can be fairly expected in this vale of tears."

I meant to have added, in a postscript, whatever might have been necessary in answer to the letter which I should—as I fondly expected—receive from him on the Wednesday. Wednesday arrived; and, while felicitating myself on the prospect of a letter from him, the postman brought me the following from Dr. Wardlaw. I was terrified at the sight of *his* hand, and my mind—unaccustomed as it had ever been, and still is, to gloomy anticipations—instantly felt, "It is the precursor of my child's death."

Glasgow, November 23, 1821.

My very dear Sir,

I FEEL exceedingly that you should have suffered any measure of paternal anxiety, which I know you must have done for these two days past. Your justly dear and valued William, towards whom our attachment grows, the longer we know him, has been a good deal unwell for these some days past. He had written a letter nearly out the day before yesterday; which, however, having penned at our dining-room fire-side, I found, on my coming home from my brother's at night, he had inadvertently left out on going to bed. I put it into my drawer; and, happening to go out early next morning, and being detained out by various businesses, it was too late for the post of yesterday, when I came home. Upon looking at it again himself, he said it was so ill-written, he would not send it. To-day I hoped he might have been able to write another. But I must be his substitute, as he is, necessarily, confined to his bed. The

GREAT as was my alarm, im the night before the issue of another post ribed a little medicame, and determine leansing his howe "I am sorry I cann nd a gargle for The report of th oat, which ot inflamed, but it The medical m —have seen him again this morning, and will b have expressed a degree of apprehension *decidedly* a tendency towards an affection of the pain head; to check which in time, they have ho taken from him a considerable quantity of th blood, and prescribed a fresh dose of aperient medicine.

I am well aware of the sensibility of a father's heart, and especially of the heart of a father situated as you are towards such a son. I have always, however, held it as my maxim, on which I have ever wished to be dealt with myself, that it is best to tell the precise truth to friends at a distance. The medical men give me hopes that the bleeding and other means may prove speedily effectual in checking and finally removing the tendency I have mentioned. They will be back this evening, and in the morning; and you may be assured, that

no post shall pass without your hearing,
he continues. I trust I shall be able
row to relieve you from the anxiety
know this letter must occasion; and
I most earnestly wish I could have
giving you. Deeply do I regret the
that is between him and his fond father; a
know what a gratification it would be to you
to tend him, and assist in bringing him round
to wonted health and strength.

You may depend on his being nursed with all the care and tenderness which real attachment to himself, and parental sympathy with you can produce. He is a great favourite with us both;—and my dear wife is an excellent sick-nurse. I have been assisting at the taking of the blood and otherwise; and it is Saturday.

Most faithfully, your's,

RALPH WARDLAW.

doct... GREAT as was my alarm, I resolved to wait before the issue of another post. The following letter medici came, and determined my instant departure. howe "I am sorry I cannot relieve you from anxiety, for The report of this morning was,—*No better.* n The medical men have been here twice to-day, and will be twice more. The symptoms are *decidedly paralytic.* Oh! my dear Sir, it does pain my heart to tell you all this." I left home with but a feeble ray of hope to irradiate the gloom produced by my fears; but expected that, during the few hours of my stay in London, I might get possession of another letter from Glasgow on its passage towards Poole, which would teach me what I had to expect. Dr. Wardlaw, naturally calculating on my departure, had directed for my nephew, and though I saw that letter, and could, almost at the risk of being committed to Newgate, have torn it from the hand of the clerk, I was obliged by the rigid laws of the post office, to let it pass without the possibility of knowing its contents. This greatly aggravated my pains; and I proceeded to Manchester in the unutterable agonies of suspense—but,

there, met the more dreadful, and all but overwhelming, confirmation of my most alarming apprehensions. I dare not even attempt a description of my agony,—*feeling myself, for the first time,* COMPLETELY *destitute*! I bless God for the preservation of my reason, which I seriously feared would sink under the pressure of my accumulated sorrows.

Never, never can I forget the dreadful journey from Manchester to Glasgow—my feelings on approaching that city, and on entering the house of my invaluable friends, Dr. and Mrs. Wardlaw. Parents themselves, and feeling all but parental affection for my beloved child, they bore with my weaknesses, wept with me, and sustained me—nor can I ever, while affection shall find a place in my heart, cease to feel towards them all that is due to the tenderest and most unbounded kindness. From them I learned all the melancholy particulars of the closing scenes; but instead of attempting to describe them myself, I will extract the brief account given in Dr. Wardlaw's Funeral Sermon, p. 24—28.

"Is there not, to the heart of an agonized parent, feeling the dreary blank made in his society by the absence of such a son—is there not consolation, strong consolation, in the thought that he has seen the object of his love *safe before him?*—and may not this thought impart peace and joy to his spirit, while he travels onward the remainder of his pilgrimage? Suppose he had himself been first called away—could he, think you, notwithstanding the delight infused into his departing spirit by the conviction of that son's faith and piety and stability of principle—could he have left him behind, in a world abounding with every variety of temptation, without a secret pang of apprehension, without a feeling of tender solicitude about his highest interests?—But, by the divine arrangement, every thing of this kind is saved him. He can go through life, with the delightful impression, the calm and settled conviction, that the son of his heart's love, his dear dear boy, is safe and happy. And when he himself shall be called away, instead of having to part from him, in that solemn moment, with emotions of anxious

trepidation, it shall be one of the joys of his departure, that he is going to join his company, and to be with him for ever. Thus he has a new interest in heaven; and, in anticipating death, a new object of hope before him. Instead of wailing, in all the bitterness of unmingled and unmitigated wo, like David, over a son that had not only died—that had been little—but had died in unnatural and impious rebellion against his father and his God—'O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom, would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son!'—Instead of this, he can adopt the language of the same royal mourner, when his infant child, for whom he had fasted and prayed and wept, was taken from him—'I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me.'

"Our dear departed friend and companion was not one for whom we sorrow without hope. He was, as I have before mentioned, a firm believer of that gospel by which life and incorruption have been brought to light; and he felt and exemplified its sacred influence.

After the tidings arrived of the death of that dear relative, who was removed so very recently before him, and who had been to him as a second mother, his mind was evidently drawn, with a peculiar degree of interest and impression, to the contemplation of eternal things. He conversed, with solemn pleasure, about death and heaven. His mind was serious and spiritual. It seems as if her departure had been purposely timed to prepare him for his own; and he was in a frame of mind for dying, before the symptoms of approaching death discovered themselves.

"During his short and rapid illness, the difficulty and indistinctness of articulation, which was one of its most affecting indications, rendered conversation impracticable. The testimony, consequently, of his faith and hope, was, of necessity, brief and limited. The questions which I felt it my duty to put to him in reference to his prospects for a future world, when it became too evident that he was approaching its confines, were unavoidably, for the reason I have mentioned, so framed as

to require no more than a simple negative or affirmative reply. In such circumstances we must be satisfied with what we *can* obtain; and all who knew the perfect ingenuousness of his character will attach to his answers the full credit of sincerity.—Standing by his bedside, I took him affectionately by the hand, and, looking him in the face, repeated these words, 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners:—You believe this saying?'—I thought as I began to speak, there was an attempt to restrain the nervous restlessness of the arm of which I held the hand, and that his countenance assumed a gently pleased and interested expression:—'You believe this saying?' 'Yes.'—'And it is the ground of your hope before God?' 'Yes.'—'Have you any fear of dying?' 'No.'—'I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day:—You enjoy this persuasion, I trust?' 'Yes.'—'You remember David says, Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,

I will fear no evil, for *thou art with me.* He could not have had a better reason than this for fearing no evil?' 'No.—'And this is the reason why *you* fear no evil?' 'Yes.'—'When God, in the bible, tells us not to fear, he always gives us a good reason why we should not. Fear not: for I am the first and the last, and the living one; and I was dead, and behold I am alive for evermore; and have the keys of hell and of death. Fear not, for I am with thee; be not dismayed, for I am thy God; I will strengthen thee; yea, I will help thee; yea, I will uphold thee with the right hand of my righteousness. You are enabled, I hope, to resign yourself to his blessed will?' 'Yes.'—'You like to hear of Jesus Christ and his salvation?' 'Yes.'

"Such were the pleasing indications of the frame of his spirit in dying; and we could only regret that the nature of his disorder prevented the more full expression of it.

"I ought to add, that no patient could be more thoroughly submissive. From the com-

mencement to the termination of his distemper, he never gave the slightest indication, by word, or look, or sign, of impatience, or repining, or discomposure, or of even a momentary reluctance to do, to take, or to bear, whatever was prescribed for him. It arose from that firmness of mind which always distinguished him, accompanied by a sense of propriety and duty, and a spirit of pious resignation."

At Glasgow, I received all the attentions which could be afforded by the friends, companions and preceptors of my departed child; many of whom accompanied me, with mourning hearts, to his last earthly home, in the yard of the North Church; where his remains were deposited, "to mingle with the dust—I was going to say, of *strangers*—but my heart refuses the word—I will rather say—of *friends*, although at a distance from his fathers' sepulchres. Those who had been laid in the same hallowed spot before him were, it is true, unacquainted with him, and he with them: but they were the kindred of such as knew and him well, and whose ashes will in a

short time be successively joined to his own."* —There, to use my dear child's own words, on a similar occasion,—there,

"The silent grave has claim'd her share of clay,
"And guards it till the great delivering day."

To his fellow-students of the Natural Philosophy class, I am indebted for the following tender and beautiful address, presented to me the morning after my arrival.

Rev. Sir,

At a moment when you must labor under the most acute feelings of parental sorrow, it would be unpardonable to intrude, if we were not assured that no allusion to that lamented event which has, unhappily, been its occasion, can add to its poignancy, or increase its power to absorb the mind.

We are aware, indeed, that the highest alleviation under so severe a stroke as that which has deprived you of a beloved son—and of such a son as it falls to the lot of few fathers

* Dr. Wardlaw's Preface.

to possess,—must arise from sources superior to that of human sympathy, however genuine; and we trust that such alleviation will be proportioned to the weight of that affliction which you endure: still we cannot refrain from expressing our heartfelt condolence in that loss which we all mourn, and giving utterance to those feelings of deep regret, which we cherish for one, now, alas! no more.

As his fellow-students, we could not but be intimately acquainted with his intellectual endowments, which were of the highest order; and many of us were not less aware of the qualities of his heart.

It must be a subject of unfeigned regret to all who know of the event which we so much deplore, that those talents and virtues, which had raised their lamented possessor to such an elevation among his fellow-students, and which seemed destined, ere long, to adorn the bar, or, perhaps, eventually, the senate of our country, have become prematurely the prey of death. It is but doing justice to that moral

and intellectual worth, the loss of which has filled us with mingled sorrow and surprise, to say, that the College has lost one of the most distinguished members that ever composed its classes; and that society is deprived of one, who, in the hope and expectation of all, would have proved to it a bright and useful ornament.

We trust, Sir, that we shall not be thought to have violated the sacredness of parental grief, in thus expressing our sincere and united sentiments on this melancholy occasion; and in giving a pledge, in which we are persuaded the whole College joins, of the affectionate veneration, in which we embalm the memory of our late and regretted friend and companion, whose excellencies and attainments were so remarkable, and so far above his years.

Believe us to remain,

Rev. Sir,

Your's, with true sympathy and respect,

The Students of the Nat. Phil. Class.

Glasgow College,
Nov. 30, 1821.

FRANKLIN BAKER, Censor.

I WILL not fatigue and offend the reader by a detail of my melancholy return—rendered, indeed, less melancholy as far as Manchester, by the company of a dear friend and relative,* who, with considerable inconvenience to himself, took a journey from thence to Glasgow, on purpose to soothe my anguish on the way back. At Birmingham, Bristol, and every place at which I rested, the tenderest sympathy and most unremitted attentions of friends awaited me. From several parts of the kingdom, from churchmen and dissenters, from laymen and ministers, I have received letters of warmest friendship, and, I believe, of sincere condolence. And though one of my affectionate correspondents remarks, in language perfectly characteristic of the writer, "I will not apply the poor mechanism of words to a case which nothing but the consolations of God can reach;" he may rest assured that the wisdom, which those words have contained,—the affection of heart, which they have expressed,—the assurances of kind remembrance at a throne of grace, which they have given,—

* Rev. J. A. Coombs.

have afforded me a large portion of those consolations, which God has mixed in this my bitterest cup. To my own congregation, whose affection wanted not this fresh stimulus to render it all that was gratifying, I owe more than I can express. And I hope that, through their prayer to God for me, I may repay their kindnesses, by conferring upon them, in my future ministry, far greater benefits than any which I have yet been the instrument of communicating. Several funeral sermons were preached on the occasion of his death in neighboring towns; for which, as an expression of respect for my family—I take this opportunity of presenting thanks to my brethren; at the same time, offering my fervent prayer to Him, "from whom cometh every good and perfect gift," that He would pour forth an abundant measure of grace on the youth of their respective congregations.

Home—once so cheerful, so delightful—now rendered so desolate—Home,

"Whose echoes and whose empty tread
Would sound like voices from the dead;"

I trembled to approach. Every object there was connected with my almost idolized family —my sister, wife, and child. But duty called me; and in somewhat less than three weeks from my departure, I revisited an abode that had never, till then, been totally cheerless.

Memory has, for a season at least, lost nearly all its pleasures. Whether they shall, under any circumstances, return, experience alone can decide. It now performs its office with a dreadful fidelity. I shrink from its reviews, yet indulge them; they torture me, yet I cherish them. Instead, however, of sinking into a state of morbid sensibility; I would study to derive, from my severe afflictions, an increased ardor in discharging the duties of life, as a christian and a minister of the gospel: —yet, to suppress sorrows, so natural; to attempt not to feel; would be a folly approaching to madness. I do feel, because God has called me to feel—but, from this death of my child, and the death of my entire household, I will take refuge in the death of my best Friend, who " gave himself a ransom

for many;" and whose word ensures, both to the departed and to myself, a life eternal, and unmixed with sorrow. If, therefore, "THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY" fail me, I must cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with "THE PLEASURES OF HOPE."

And now, ye beloved sister, son and wife, who have preceded me in your flight to glory, farewell, farewell; but not for ever!—I will endeavor, in dependance upon that strength and grace which sustained and sanctified you—to follow your footsteps with more exactness than I have hitherto done. And if your deaths but quicken me to greater circumspection, activity and usefulness, I will dry up my tears, or smile from amidst them; I will bless God for all the pleasure and profit He afforded me by your presence on earth; and even thank Him that, to accomplish so much good, He has taken you away from me to heaven! But while I mark your ascent to glory,—congratulate you on not having to weep for me as I now weep,—and say to "your God and my God, to your Father and my Father, Thy will

be done"—I must add, in the beautiful and pious language of one,* over whose almost magic-pages,—we have, rapt in admiration, spent so many hours together;—"Lord, if thou wilt support me, I will for ever praise thee: if thou wilt suffer the load to press me yet more heavily, I will cry unto thee, and complain unto my God; and at last I will lie down and die; and by thy mercies, and intercession of the holy Jesus, and the conduct of thy blessed Spirit, pass into those regions, where holy souls rest, and weep no more."

* Bishop Jeremy Taylor.

THE END.

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